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V. 30, no. 2

ARTS

30th YEAR
8 COLOR PAGES

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ARTS

incorporating Arts Digest

Vol. 30, No. 2 / 60 cents

NOVEMBER 1955

CONTRIBUTORS



It is as a poet that WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS is best known, but he has also had a colorful career as a novelist, critic and small-town physician. As a leading member of the literary *avant-garde* for half a century, he has come to know many of the great names in modern art, and he remembers none with more affection than Constantin Brancusi. When invited to write about the current Brancusi exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum,

Dr. Williams responded with characteristic enthusiasm. This is his second contribution to our pages (the first: "E. E. Cummings' Paintings and Poems," December, 1954). His latest book, out this fall from Random House, is *Journey to Love and Other Poems*.

GEORGE COHEN is both painter (he showed at the Korman and the Alan galleries last season in New York) and professor. He formerly lectured on art history at Northwestern University, and now is assistant professor of painting in the Department of Art at the university. His observations on the relation of artistic values to classroom methods derive from his own unique point of view.



LAVERNE GEORGE, a Californian by birth and now living in Valley Cottage, New York, has had a varied career in copywriting, journalism and government. For several years she held an important post in the Paris office of E.C.A. Her recent articles on Delaunay and Giacometti have won high praise from our readers.

BERNICE DAVIDSON, who reviews the new Phaidon book on Tiepolo, is on the editorial staff of the Frick Collection in New York . . . HUGH B. JOHNSTON, our other book critic this month, is associate editor of *Industrial Design* . . . PATRICK HERON's collected essays on modern art have just been published in London.

FORTHCOMING: An important color feature on the Spanish master, Goya . . . "The Not-So-Innocent Eye," an article on films about art by VERNON YOUNG . . . a comprehensive critical and biographical portrait of the French painter Suzanne Valadon (1867-1938) by ALFRED WERNER.



ON THE COVER

Nataraja, Lord of the Dance. Eleventh-century bronze sculpture from South India. The work is part of the Cleveland Museum of Art's J. H. Wade Collection, and is currently on loan to the Rhode Island School of Design. (See pages 16-17 for feature on Indian sculpture.) For further information on Cleveland's other treasures, see museum story on pages 37-43.

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LETTERS

KUDOS FOR "ARTS"

To the Editor:

We just received your ARTS in its new format and I want to congratulate you and your editors for a good job well done. ARTS takes its place among the very fine publications on art today and I wish to extend my best wishes for its continued success.

Sidney Janis
Sidney Janis Gallery
New York City

To the Editor:

Thank you for sending me the ARTS for October; I find in it very much that interests me—the Rousseau picture and article about the banquet, the very remarkable Polish rider, Seurat, Braque, and much else . . .

Marianne Moore
Brooklyn, New York

To the Editor:

I have just gone through the beautiful new magazine ARTS. It is a lively and readable magazine with informative and interesting articles. I am delighted with the color reproductions.

ARTS is a valuable working tool for both student and teacher, and I am recommending it to our students and staff. My congratulations to you.

Stewart Klonis, Director
The Art Students League of N. Y.

To the Editor:

May I most highly commend you on the new ARTS magazine. The quality and size of your plates are wonderful, and your statement of policy with quotes from Peyton Boswell most encouraging. The issue was highly praised at a board meeting here today. Bravo!

Emlen Etting, President
Artists Equity Association
New York City

To the Editor:

Congratulations on the new name and format for your magazine. I am sure it will meet with enthusiastic approval from the art public. Wishing you every success in your progressive enterprise . . .

Alfred H. Holbrook, Director
Georgia Museum of Art
Athens, Georgia

To the Editor:

Many congratulations on the ARTS. A beautiful magazine! Enjoyed all of it including Murdock Pemberton's article . . .

Revington Arthur, Director
Silvermine Guild Art School
Glenbrook, Conn.

To the Editor:

May I offer you and the members of your staff my sincere compliments on the new ARTS. The range and quality of your articles sets a very high standard for the future. In all ways, however, the October issue seems to me to be a worthy heir to the *Arts Digest*, but tauter in form and somehow more serious in content than its predecessor.

The "Spectrum" is exactly *right*, I think, and establishes a whole dignified tone which the rest follows in an admirable way; the

quotation from *Wilhelm Meister's Travels* is fine, and it is good to discover Peyton Boswell's remarks still making vigorous good sense after almost thirty years!

With very best wishes for your continued success,

Robert O. Parks, Director
Smith College Museum of Art
Northampton, Mass.

To the Editor:

Just a line to say I read every word of the new ARTS and it is wonderful! . . .

Best wishes for future success.

Doris Meltzer
Meltzer Gallery
New York City

To the Editor:

It's beautiful! My congratulations! This is the conclusion of a bird's eye view, not a fly's eye view. It just looks damn good, typographically as well as in news and esthetic coverage. The more I look the more I see. Hope you can keep it up.

Harry Salpeter
Harry Salpeter Gallery
New York City

To the Editor:

A short word to tell you how much I have been enjoying my subscription to your magazine. "The Arts of Japan" issue was one of the finest things I have ever seen in an art publication.

Lester Epstein
Estado de Mexico
Mexico

BOOMERANG

To the Editor:

Accept my congratulations on the new format—and on the piece by Dore Ashton ["The Situation in Printmaking: 1955"]. It is a good statement and does honor to the American printmaker.

You challenge us illiterates on page sixty [ARTS QUIZ]—and, in tossing the javelin back to you—*where* was poor Nausicaa ever the wife of Ulysses? Poor thing—she tried, I suppose—but the wanderer's faith in Penelope, who deserved it, kept him faithful in the island of the Phæacians.

Have a better look at the Odyssey.

Best regards—and again, my congratulations.

Benton Spruance
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE EDITOR REPLIES:

Our sincere thanks to Mr. Spruance, who wins our sixty-four-cent prize as the only reader to uncover the fallacy in last month's quiz.

CORRECTION

To the Editor:

In your Oct. issue the review of my work states in *error* that I teach at Columbia. I do teach at the New School for Social Research. I would appreciate the noting of this correction in your next issue.

Anthony Toney
New York City

The editors wish to convey their apologies to Harry N. Abrams, Inc., for their oversight in not giving proper credit on the Rembrandt color plates in the October issue. All four of the Rembrandt color plates originally appeared in Abrams' magnificent book on Rembrandt and were graciously loaned to us.

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AUCTIONS

RENOWNED NAMES FIGURE IN APPROACHING SALE AT PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES

Works by some of the greatest French and American artists of the past one hundred years will be featured in a sale at the Parke-Bernet Galleries on November 9 at 8:00 P.M.

Van Gogh's *Bouquet of Flowers*, painted in Paris between 1886 and 1888, heads a list that includes Manet's *Beach Scene* (ca. 1872), Pissarro's *Terre labourée en hiver* (1877), and Utrillo's *Eglise de Bièvre* and *Rue St-Vincent* (both ca. 1928). Several paintings by Rouault and works by Picasso, Chagall and Vlaminck are included. There is also an album containing ninety original sketches by Maillol.

The American paintings up for sale

consist of works by George Grosz, Childe Hassam, Grandma Moses, Mary Cassatt, Milton Avery and Georgia O'Keeffe. Pascin is represented by a major work and a number of drawings and water colors.

Supplementing the array of paintings is a group of noteworthy sculptures, bronzes by Maillol, Rodin, Despiau and Kolbe. Hans Arp figures in the sale with his remarkable *Nymph and Satyr*, in stone.

The works are from the estate of the late Curt Valentin as well as from the collections of Charles C. G. Chaplin, B. Lustgarten and others. Exhibits will be on view at the Parke-Bernet Galleries from November 5.



Vincent Van Gogh: BOUQUET OF FLOWERS



Edouard Manet: PLAGE, MAREE BASSE

AUCTION CALENDAR

NOVEMBER 3, 4 & 5, at 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Sheraton and Chippendale mahogany furniture, modernistic furniture, porcelain, fine glass, paintings, prints and decorations, from the estates of the late Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow, Norvin H. Green and others. Exhibition now.

NOVEMBER 9, at 8:00 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Important sale of old masters and modern French and American works from the estate of the late Curt Valentin, as well as property of Charles C. G. Chaplin and B. Lustgarten. Also modern sculpture. (For details see story above.) Exhibition from November 5.

NOVEMBER 11, at 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Georgian silver, Sheffield plate, Fabergé and Russian enamels, porcelains, old overlay and other tinted and cut glass belonging to the Antique Dome, Inc., of Miami Beach. Exhibition from November 5.

NOVEMBER 12, at 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French furniture, paintings, bric-a-brac and decorations consigned by John Vesey, Inc., of New York, together with Oriental, Aubusson and needlepoint rugs belonging to other owners. Exhibition from November 5.

NOVEMBER 18 & 19, at 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French furniture and decorations from the estate of the late Alice Hoyt Dominick. Exhibition from November 12.

NOVEMBER 22, at 1:45 & 8:00 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Literary material, including Conan Doyle manuscripts, early Spanish Americana, Hall's *American Scenery*, Lincolniana and French literature. Two important items are a twelfth-century manuscript of Josephus' *De bello judaico* and Volume 11 of the Complutensian Polyglot Bible, both from the collection of Michael M. Zagayski. Exhibition from November 12.

NOVEMBER 23, at 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Judaica from the sixteenth to eighteenth century. Rare silver, notably Hanukkah lamps, *Torah* finials, breastplates, spice boxes and pointers. Pewter and brassware as well, including inscribed *Seder* plates, Hanukkah lamps and candlesticks. Also illuminated *Megillah* scrolls, books and manuscripts from the Michael M. Zagayski Collection. Exhibition from November 17.

NOVEMBER 26, at 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English and Venetian furniture, paintings, rugs and decorative objects, from the estate of the late Mrs. Edward Shearson. Exhibition from November 19.

NOVEMBER 30 & DECEMBER 1, at 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Jade jewelry, semi-precious mineral necklaces and figurines; Chinese lamps in coral, porcelain and enamel; jade, rose quartz and onyx desk fixtures and other Oriental decorative objects. From the estate of R. Bensabot of Chicago. Exhibition from November 26.

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PEOPLE

AT THE 1955 PITTSBURGH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, which continues through December 18, Alfred Manessier of France has been accorded the first prize of two thousand dollars for his Crown of Thorns (right). Prizes go also to Rufino Tamayo of Mexico, Renato Birilli of Italy, Matta of Chili, Toti Scialoja of Italy and Kenzo Okada of Japan. The jury was composed of René Huyghe (left), Honorary Curator of the Louvre now associated



with the Collège de France; the Italian artist Afro; Perry T. Rathbone, Director of Boston's Museum of Fine Arts; the American artist Ben Shahn; and G. David Thompson, Pittsburgh industrialist and collector. While in this country M. Huyghe has been conducting an extended symposium on "Delacroix and Baudelaire" under the sponsorship of the Fogg Museum and Harvard's Department of Romance Languages.

YALE UNIVERSITY has announced a reorganization of its Division of the Arts. Under the new arrangement, Professor Charles H. Sawyer will serve as Dean of the School of Architecture and Design, which was previously the School of Fine Arts. The reorganization also provides for the establishing of the University Art Gallery as an independent unit, with Lamont Moore at its head.

NEW

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM HAS JUST PLACED ON exhibition a remarkable Roman sarcophagus (right) of the third century A.D., newly acquired from the collection of the Dukes of Beaufort.

Forty human and animal figures in high relief cover three sides of the oval sarcophagus. These beings have been convoked by the god Dionysos, the central figure, to celebrate the bounty of nature. The four seasons are represented as winged youths. To the left is Winter, with a brace of waterfowl and a water plant. Autumn carries a basket of strung figs and a fig branch. At the head of Dionysos' panther-steed is Summer, with a basket of grain. Spring carries a hare and a cornucopia. Riding the panther with Dionysos is the god Pan, who carries a wineskin and holds up a horn which his master fills from his own cup. At one end of the sarcophagus is a reclining female figure, Earth, and at the other end the bearded and goat-horned Oceanus.

The main figures are half life-size. Swarming among them are miniature beings that behave like Eroses, teasing or petting animals, playing musical instruments, begging or stealing fruit. The crouched animals are attentive to the

IN THE ARTS



THE LOUIS COMFORT TIFFANY FOUNDATION of New York has announced the winners in its 1955 Competition for Scholarships. Twenty thousand dollars—in grants of two thousand, one thousand or five hundred dollars—has been awarded to the following artists:

In the field of painting: Herbert V. Auspitz, David J. Levine, Seymour Remenick, Hester D. Stover, Thomas J. Gaughan and Theresa Nappembach.

In the field of sculpture: Mitchell Fields, Dimitri Hadzi, Gabriella Polóny and Margaret Stites.

In the field of graphic arts: John Bernhardt, Edmond Casarella, Leonard Edmondson, Ynez Johnston, Michael Ponce de Léon, Irwin Rosenhouse, Paul Shaub and James Carol Summers.

In the field of textile design: Janet Doub and Jinny Lee Snow.

A POSTHUMOUS RECOGNITION of the role he played in furthering the appreciation of Japanese art in America has come to Dr. Langdon Warner, former Curator of Oriental Art at the Fogg Museum of Harvard University.

Mr. Shigenobu Shima, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of Japan to the United States, recently presented the Order of the Sacred Treasure to Mrs. Warner, widow of the renowned scholar.

Dr. Warner, who died last June, served with the Fogg Museum from 1923 to 1950. The facilities he established there for the study of Oriental art are unrivaled anywhere in the world.



A special exhibition arranged to honor the Comédie Française on the occasion of the French troupe's first visit here is currently featured at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Entitled "The Comédie Française and the Theatre in France," the exhibition draws upon the Museum's collections and upon the treasures gathered together by the troupe itself in the course of its three centuries.

Outstanding paintings from abroad include a portrait of Jeanne Samary by Renoir, portraits of Talma by David and Delacroix, Ingres's scene of Louis XIV lunching with Molière, and a portrait of Mlle. Duclos by Largillière. The exhibition will continue through November 13.



IN NEW YORK

movement of the scene but take no active part in it.

This great Season sarcophagus was brought to England in the early eighteenth century, where until recent years it escaped the notice of archaeologists. Public knowledge of its his-

tory is due to Sir Osbert Sitwell's research at Badminton House, Gloucestershire. It was purchased by the third Duke of Beaufort when he made the Grand Tour and was presumably acquired in Rome with the help of Cardinals Albani and Alberoni.

The sarcophagus was sold to the young duke as "Augustus' bath." The dealer's fiction is perhaps responsible for the loss of the cover (and identifying epitaph), which, if extant at the time of the purchase, had to be spirited away as inappropriate to an emperor's bathtub.





EXHIBITION
TO NOV. 30

52 SCULPTURES

FROM RODIN TO LIPCHITZ

Barlach
Braque
Degas
Fazzini
Gonzalez
Kolbe
Kollwitz

Laurens
Lehmbruck
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Marini
Marcks
Matisse

Modigliani
Picasso
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SPECTRUM; A NATIONAL ART PROGRAM???

Pickles, donuts and letter writing are strange bedfellows indeed—as well as can-openers, the United Nations, fire prevention and the Bible. All members of this diverse list have one thing in common—each is honored by a national week. There are many such “weeks” both significant and ludicrous, but the list of the significant is all too short, and we propose the establishment of a National Art Week.

America can be justifiably proud of its art, but when it comes to any official notice of them, it is quite another matter. Although we have developed imaginative selling programs for industrial products, our creative achievements have received inadequate recognition.

Our government has almost never taken a positive interest in art, and when it has the steps have been mincingly timid. So reluctant, in fact, has the Government been that private groups have had to represent the United States abroad. Last year the Museum of Modern Art through its International Exhibitions Program bought the pavilion for this country at the Venice Biennale. Each year this program receives a grant of \$125,000 from the Rockefeller Brothers Fund to sponsor American art abroad. This fall the San Francisco Museum was in charge of the American Pavilion at Brazil's Sao Paulo international exhibition, and it too had to be privately supported. Other nations have long realized the value of cultural propaganda, but we have been asleep both at home and abroad, and our art remains insufficiently known in other countries.

There are many facets and no ready-made panaceas to the problems of promoting art and increasing cultural education and participation. Nevertheless, we believe that it is time for us as a nation to recognize our national artistic heritage. Art enters all phases of our lives, yet it seems to frighten many people. Our politicians, and other insecure citizens, often treat art as a slightly subversive, eccentric or useless menace, something to be spoken of in hushed tones. To these groups it can only be safe when unimaginative and unrecognized.

In recent years more and more people have discovered that art can enrich their lives; however, art remains a stepchild in official American circles. Perhaps some fear comes from ignorance of its popularity. Reliable estimates tell us that there are some 350,000 museum members in this country, 5,000,000 amateur artists, and yearly museum attendance of over 60,000,000. Thousands earn their livelihood in the art world, and works valued at many millions of dollars are sold here each year. It seems our Cinderella is not so ragged as the official reaction would have us believe.

Although a National Art Week would be primarily a token of Government interest, it could have important effects if properly supported. Art Week would have to be publicized, major exhibitions would have to be organized, and civic and business groups would have to cooperate. It is a large

order, but if the pickle and donut industries can do it, we see no reason why the art world cannot.

At first glance a National Art Week might appear to mean little more than a proclamation from Washington, but it could have a more far-reaching importance. Museum and gallery attendance would be stimulated, resulting in new collectors and more support for artists. Public support for art projects would be increased. Art schools would have greater attendance. And finally, America would greatly enhance its reputation abroad by demonstrating that we consider art an important part of our life.

We hold no brief against national pickle or donut weeks, or any other “weeks.” But we believe that there should be a National Art Week as well. We heartily endorse the sending abroad of exhibitions by museums and private foundations, but these are not enough. And in addition to a National Art Week we need an active national art program.

In this connection we strongly support the efforts of Representative Frank Thompson, Jr., New Jersey, who has spearheaded the drive in Congress for a Federal Art Program. Rep. Thompson's bill, H.R. 4698, provides for grants to States to develop art programs; establishment of an arts advisory commission within the Department of Health, Education and Welfare “to encourage artistic and cultural endeavor and appreciation, and to provide for awards of merit . . .;” coordination and improvement of programs presently carried out by some fifteen Government agencies; initiation of foreign exchange programs; stimulation of private art programs; preservation of our artistic and historic inheritance; and destroying “the Communist myth that Americans are insensitive materialistic barbarians.” In addition to this bill, Rep. Thompson has introduced a bill to create a huge arts center in the Capital, which we also strongly endorse.

Until now our government's art interest has largely been in the hands of two agencies. The State Department has sent a few safe representatives abroad with much success, but has always avoided anything new or controversial. The President's Commission of Fine Arts advises the Chief Executive on matters pertaining to the District of Columbia and federal agencies when called upon (which is rare). This understaffed body has had little opportunity to bestir itself, but this year Congress increased its appropriation from a miserly \$10,000 a year to an inadequate \$35,000, which may offer some hope for future action.

America has a long way to go toward adequately recognizing creative artists in all fields, but we believe that there is a growing awareness of the need. We hope that our readers will join us in supporting Rep. Thompson's efforts to create a strong federal art program, and in advocating a National Art Week. It is time for the art world to raise its voice for adequate recognition and support.

J. M.

LONDON

A season of reaction . . . the "New Realism" reasserts the English adherence to illustrational painting . . . the role of the London critics . . . exhibitions of Ben Nicholson, Victor Pasmore and Mondrian . . .

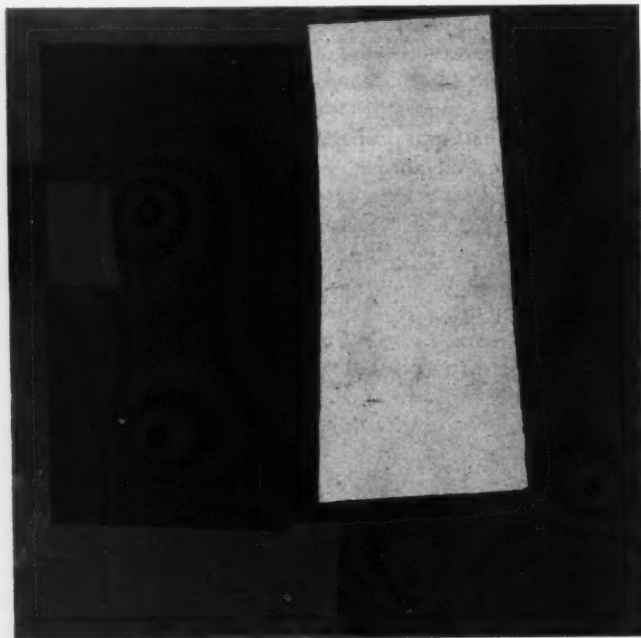
BY PATRICK HERON

The summer just past is significant, in London, for the way in which "social realism" has extended its grip upon the scene. Mr. John Berger, the *New Statesman and Nation's* Marxist critic, has long been bludgeoning his readers into accepting the need for art forms that "communicate" with the largest imaginable audience. He has loudly championed a young group of painters (mostly in their late twenties) who have returned to a rather crude form of illustrational expressionism and whose common gallery is the Beaux Arts in Bruton Place. Among the best known of these, so far, are Jack Smith, John Bratby, Derek Greaves and Edward Middleditch. The kitchen sink, the lavatory, the cluttered kitchen table; an underfed baby being bathed in the basin in the sink; a gaunt female undressing among kitchen chairs—these and similar drab subjects they have made their own. "Realism" is, of course, the wrong name: but it makes a good battle-cry, especially in the mouth of a critic like Berger who makes no secret of his sense of political mission. One may point out, as I have done myself from time to time, that realism is no more *real* than cubism, fauvism or constructivism; and that all those forms of realism which are not mere naturalism (or hand-done photography, so to speak) are as *abstract* in fundamentals as cubism, or any other fine tradition. It makes no difference. The "New Realists," or "Social Realists," are not willing to admit the basic truth that all good painting is and always has been abstract in all pictorial fundamentals. Thus their works are extraordinarily badly organized. Their color is muddy, without luminosity; their paint is positively unpleasant in quality—and is meant to be. They are opposed to all "elegance," whether of design or in the actual handling; they forget that pictorial science involves an exact and handsome touch;

they forget that *pleasure* (which they obviously rate low in their scale of values) is simply the mode of experience proper to art. Art should gratify our senses, not offend them; art is a revelation to be contemplated, not an exhortation to be acted upon (the need for slum-clearance seems to be the main conscious conclusion that these painters have reached).

Another characteristic of this group seems to be a rejection of "modern art." Paris is ignored; or rather, these painters live in ignorance of Paris. They would perhaps be surprised to recollect that the kitchen table has, for forty years, been one of the main sources of inspiration, not only for Picasso, but for Georges Braque, the most *elegant* (and profound) of living painters. Since most of these "Social Realists" are but recently out of the art school, one can see that the post-war climate of London is largely responsible for their exceedingly insular outlook. If they have not been to France (and most of them seem to go to Italy instead: that is the fashion) it is not impossible that many of them have seen barely a dozen post-war paintings by Braque or Picasso. (I think only *one* post-war Braque has ever been shown in London!) Reaction against established schools is natural and right in the young. We all await, perhaps, a vital new form of figuration. But a willful, and typically insular ignorance of fine painting (which still means French painting, by and large) is not the answer. Nor would it have been heralded as such in London if Mr. Berger had not been followed, in his advocacy of "a return to realism," by most of the art critics now writing regularly in the most influential dailies and weeklies. It is not an exaggeration to say that three-quarters of our most-read art critics have pronounced in favor of this revival; and of course these same writers (the majority of those now appearing

continued on page 14



Left: John Bratby, *Lavatory*, at the Beaux Arts Gallery, London. Above: Adrian Heath, *Untitled*, shown recently in London.

BOSTON

The Fogg Art Museum shows examples of Delacroix from New England collections . . . works in all media give an impressive account of the French master . . .

BY JAMES MELLOW

With an exhibition of forty-six paintings, drawings and watercolors by Eugène Delacroix, the Fogg Art Museum revives a prodigious and vigorous talent and somewhat restores a balance in an old battle between Delacroix and his enemy, Ingres, whose works were the subject of a travelling exhibition in this country in 1954. While the Fogg's exhibition does not compare with the famous 1930 Delacroix exhibition at the Louvre, which included nine hundred of his works as part of the French Government's celebration of the Centenary of the Romantic Movement, it does establish him as a powerful painter and draughtsman, quite able to hold his own against the impressive talents of Ingres. The current exhibition, on view through November 26 and drawn entirely from private collections and museums in New England, is being held in conjunction with a two-day symposium on "Delacroix and Baudelaire," given by the French art critic and historian, René Huyghe. Of the works presented, many are drawings and studies for larger paintings as well as for the series of murals which Delacroix was commissioned to paint from 1833 until two years before his death. Any proper estimate of Delacroix would, of course, depend upon just those paintings and murals which are not included, but the present exhibition affords an opportunity to review his position as an exponent of the Romantic sensibility.

As a figure of his times, Delacroix had all the credentials of a true Romantic; he was imaginative, introspective, subject to alternating moods of exaltation and pessimism, and, in an ironic way, he was even provided with the questionable parentage which others in the Romantic Movement either imagined or invented for themselves. There were rumors current in his lifetime (although there is no indication that Delacroix was aware of them)

that his real father was the French diplomat Talleyrand. Modern research tends to accept this and, as well, ascribes to the influence of that relationship the many public commissions which Delacroix received when his art was considered subversive to the official Neo-Classical taste of the period, a taste presided over by Ingres.

As a painter, there is no better indication of Delacroix's alliance with the Romantics and his opposition to Ingres, than two paintings in the Fogg's permanent collections: *Le Giaour et le Pacha*, a reminiscence of Delacroix's journey to Morocco, full of restless activity and brilliant color, the paint varying from thin wash to impasto; and Ingres's *Odalisque with Slave*, with its undulating line, its dead grey light, and its even, untroubled application of paint.

Yet, if Delacroix has rightly been considered the painter of the Romantic school, it was not a position which he sought nor one which he exercised in the dominating fashion with which Ingres took up the leadership of the Neo-Classical opposition. It was not only that Delacroix, being a true Romantic, wished to remain an individualist, but, to a reader of his *Journals*, it is also apparent that there was much in the Romantic spirit which he considered indefensible. His notes are peppered with criticisms of the heroes of his own ranks—Balzac, Dumas, George Sand—for what he felt were the failures of their talents; their lack of restraint and their lack of form. He even earned in his lifetime, because of his sympathetic articles on Raphael and Poussin, the suspicion of slipping backwards to the Classical.

It is, however, the thoroughly Romantic Delacroix which the Fogg exhibition presents; the illustrations for *Faust* and *Hamlet*, the exotic souvenirs of Morocco, the watercolors and drawings of

continued on page 14



Drawings by Delacroix "after" old masters: left, from Rubens' *Coup de Lance*; right, from Holbein's *Anne of Cleves*. At the Fogg Art Museum, Cambridge, Mass.

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LONDON *continued from page 12*

most regularly in print) are opposed to most forms of abstract or non-figurative art. The old English inability to understand anything other than an illustrational art thus reasserts itself. Mr. Berger is alone in tying his didactic preference for representational art to a social or political theory; the other English critics who welcome "realism" merely wish to put the clock back, never having come to terms with abstract art. They can even put their heads in the sand to the extent of writing demonstrable nonsense about the state of affairs elsewhere: "At the moment when the realist revolution in French painting appears to have succeeded—among the five hundred or so pictures at the Salon de la Jeune Peinture last month there was not one abstract work . . ." was the extraordinary opening sentence of a review in *The Listener* recently. (The Salon mentioned is presided over by M. Paul Rebeyrolle and exists for the purpose of marshalling whatever of "realism" may exist in Paris.)

My contention, then, is that the new movement in England misnamed "New Realism" has been created by the critics with the cooperation of students. It is nice for students suddenly to be told by critics that realism which, in their capacity as students, they have naturally been engaged in mastering, is itself a wonderfully revolutionary achievement. They need search no further. They have already put Picasso, Ben Nicholson and Mondrian behind them. The new language has been found; On examination, however, it turns out to be a rather awkward variant of an already awkward, rather ugly and certainly influent moment in the history of expressionism. Jack Smith obviously has courage and gusto; but his colorless oatmeal washes have the out-of-jointness, formally speaking, of an unsuccessful Edvard Munch. John Bratby lacks even more conspicuously an architectural sense. A painting in his September exhibition at the Beaux Arts Gallery entitled *The Lavatory* was easily the clearest and strongest composition in a roomful that was seething with detail to the point of chaos. Nevertheless these and other members of this group have undoubted talent and seriousness. What

BOSTON *continued from page 13*

animals, and the imaginative combats between men and beasts. One of these, the Fogg's *Arab on Horseback Attacked by a Lion*, is an excellent example of the turbulent energy and violence of one of Delacroix's recurrent Romantic themes.

Delacroix's lifelong struggle was for the control of an impetuous talent, and it was only in the comparative calm of his later years, when he had resolved that struggle, without, it should be added, any decline in the vigor of his style, that he was able to assert: "One should not be too difficult. An artist should not treat himself like an enemy. He ought to believe that there is value in what his inspiration has given him. . . . Experience ought to teach us two things; first that we should do a great deal of correcting; secondly, that we must not correct too much."

He was helped in his struggle by the fact that his energy and imagination were firmly grounded in the observation both of nature itself and of the techniques that other and admired painters had developed in their

I am protesting about is a state of affairs in contemporary criticism here in London so biased that it can only serve to isolate the younger painters here from the rest of modern Western art.

Examples of this bias come to hand every day now. For instance this second one-man show by Bratby has been accorded three times as much space (plus a large illustration) in *The Times* as was given in that paper to the large and very important retrospective Ben Nicholson exhibition at the Tate Gallery in July. Nicholson—with no illustration—was dismissed as though he were simply a provincial eccentric instead of being the only English painter living who possessed an important international reputation. Nor was *The Times* alone in giving this Nicholson exhibition (it was originally seen at the last Venice Biennale) a wholly inadequate reception. "A serious artist does not devote himself to a search for qualities of paint"—said *The Listener*—"and yet Mr. Nicholson, who is manifestly a serious artist, has somehow been reduced to this trivial employment." To cap the whole thing, the British Council has announced that, at the Venice Biennale next summer, the younger British painters will be represented by this group of realists. (By contrast, Ivan Hitchens will be the main exhibitor—and a very welcome decision this is; and Lynn Chadwick will be the sculptor.)

To close this report in less argumentative vein, let me record that there have been numerous "mixed summer shows" in the better-known dealers' galleries in which interesting works by Terry Frost and Adrian Heath were seen. Victor Pasmore showed his latest reliefs (in plastics and wood) as well as some exquisite "spiral motif" canvases dating from 1952, at the Redfern Gallery. Then, to the East End's Whitechapel Art Gallery the director, Bryan Robertson, brought a truly remarkable exhibition of fifty-five paintings and drawings by Piet Mondrian. But while this king among abstract painters was holding court in London's East End, the Tate Gallery was making space for a special exhibition of four young French realists (André Minaux, Ginette Rapp, Jean Vinay and Roger Montané), organized for it by one of our aforementioned realist critics!

treatment of nature. The sketchbooks of his Moroccan journey were filled with the detailed observations which were put into service in his later paintings. He was, as well, a careful student of painters like Titian, Velasquez, Holbein and Rubens, from whose works he often made copies and drawings. On a pilgrimage to the works of Rubens in Antwerp, he climbed a ladder in order to see more exactly how Rubens, in his painting, *Coup de Lance*, had managed the half-tones for modeling and the impasto for light and shade. Two of the finest drawings in the present exhibition are studies made from the Rubens painting; superb examples of the vigorous and decisive draughtsmanship of Delacroix in his maturity.

What the Fogg's exhibition confirms is the passion, the color and the control of Delacroix's art; the qualities which earned for him the respect of later painters like Degas and Renoir, and the contradictions of which prompted Baudelaire's observation that "Delacroix was passionately in love with passion, but coldly determined to express passion as clearly as possible."

"DIE BRÜCKE" ARTISTS IN DOUBLE EXHIBITION

The Museum of Modern Art has scheduled, from November 9 to January 8, a retrospective of the graphic work of two German masters of the twentieth century, Emil Nolde and Ernst Ludwig Kirchner (d. 1938). After its New York showing, the double exhibition, which comprises thirty-five prints by each artist, will go to the Minneapolis Institute of Art for display during the months of March and April. Emil Nolde is one of the few surviving artists of Die Brücke (The Bridge), the first group of German expressionists, contemporary with the Fauves in France. Paul Klee paid a warm tribute to his fellow artist, which we reproduce below. Publication of the document in ARTS marks its first appearance in English.



Emil Nolde: YOUNG COUPLE, 1913, color lithograph. At the Museum of Modern Art.

NOLDE, the primeval, is easier to visualize as a man of flesh and blood than some other artists. His actual presence, it should be added, hardly disappoints. Here is Nolde, genuine as he can be, must be and shall remain.

In their divorce or flight from earth, abstractionists sometimes forget his existence. Not so I, even on my most extended flights from which I am accustomed to return and relax with a heaviness newly won. Nolde is more than only bound to the earth. He is also the demon of that region. Yet, even from another sphere, one feels a cousinship and an affinity with him.

In the presence of demons one cannot sleep. Proximity creates tensions which are too great. A man, divorced from earth, values such tensions according to their degree of proximity. He feels a gentle and mutual infiltration of light. The opposite direction is his special pleasure, his waking relaxation.

In our presence Nolde experiences similar sensations. Through the air we come to him from time to time. Much of what we bring back and reveal before him, that which the powers in our flight have registered as our work, makes him laugh. "Did a human hand participate in this," he sometimes asked. "A hand of flesh and blood? Or only of nerves?"

A human hand works for him. It is a hand not without heaviness which writes in penmanship not without blots, the mysterious full-blooded hand of the depths.

Each sphere forms and colors its own special mysteries. The hands that evoke and bring them to fruition differ much, each according to the region in which its master is possessed. But the creating heart beats for all and nourishes all spheres.

PAUL KLEE
January, 1927

THE INDIAN AGE OF BRONZE

Ritual sculpture from India reveals a hieratic and frequently erotic art which still stands in dramatic opposition to the art of the West.

NOWADAYS almost everyone assumes that the arts of alien civilizations have all, in a sense, been "inherited" by the modern Western spectator of art, either through his museums or through that "imaginary museum" which the French critic André Malraux has cogently urged us to accept as the quintessentially modern esthetic experience. The daily pressure of international events adds to the weight of this assumption too; for the world—we are told—is smaller than it used to be, and not infrequently the artifacts of widely divergent cultures are placed in the service of restating the terms of our common humanity.

This is all very well, of course, so long as it does not blur our perception of real differences and deprive works of art, as well as whole civilizations, of their own unique qualities. From time to time an exhibition is presented which points up such uniqueness, at the same time that it defines its remoteness from our modern taste, which is sometimes mistakenly described as capable of assimilating any esthetic object. Such an exhibition is the Rhode Island School of Design's current show of Indian bronze sculpture, on view in Providence through November 30.

Composed of works from American collections of Indian bronzes, the Rhode Island exhibition underscores anew the special qualities which separate this exotic sculptural art from the prevailing artistic modes of the West. Its basis in a dogmatic and mystical conception of the human figure—which is simultaneously religious and erotic, sensuous and highly formalized—sends the Western sensibility back to the Middle Ages for a comparable experience, only to find once again that the vast differences the mind throws up loom larger than any possible similarities.

Even the great virtues of this extraordinary art—what the late Roger Fry (overcoming for a moment his "intense" and "acute" distaste) called the Indian artist's "very vivid sense of natural form" and his ability "to reproduce it with . . . accuracy and ease"—are not virtues which are easily disengaged from its ideological, extra-artistic functions. These provocative saints and goddesses do not seem even now to have lost their power to stimulate a response

Right: Paravti, 10th century, South India. From the Cleveland Museum of Art, J. H. Wade Collection. Like most sculpture in the Rhode Island exhibition, this figure is solid in accordance with the religious dogma of the region which regarded a hollow image as incomplete. It was believed the making of hollow figures would result in terrible calamities for the maker.



Below: Krishna as the Dancing Butter Thief, 15th-16th century, South India. From the Seattle Art Museum, Eugene Fuller Memorial Collection. The prevailing method for casting sculpture was the intricate "lost wax" process. A wax model was first carefully formed. This was wrapped in soft clay reinforced by wire. When the clay had hardened, the whole structure was exposed to intense heat, which fixed the clay at the same time it melted the wax, which escaped through an opening in the clay mold. Through this same opening was poured the molten bronze. When this, in turn, had cooled, the clay was removed, and the surface of the metal figure was then chased to a refined finish.



Pair of Nagini (serpent-tailed goddesses), Nepal, 11-12th century. Seattle Art Museum, Thomas B. Stimson Memorial Collection



Vaisnaiva Saint, 12-13th century. Collection James D. Baldwin, Kansas City

more passionate (and less esthetic, if you will) than the purely formal kind which is so precious to the modern spectator.

It may be for just this reason that these bronze sculptures retain their exotic power even for the jaded eye which no longer flinches at the demonic carvings of Africa or Oceania. They take such an obvious pleasure in their ideality; they abound with such an anonymous and unquestioned sense of craftsmanship and style; they seem, in fact, so impervious to mere personality (even the artist-craftsman's) that their effect is disquieting and searching, more like the effect of some intense, unexpected experience than of art.

In the introduction to the Rhode Island exhibition, it is stated that "the particular purpose and function of this exhibition is to give an opportunity to examine without bias . . . an essentially classic art." It may be left to the viewer's judgment what can be meant by this "purpose" when the objects on view stand inevitably in a subversive relation to the whole Western idea of the "classic." It may be in that relation, moreover, that their abiding power to move us consists.

PITTSBURGH'S INTERNATIONAL

*The Carnegie Institute's 1955 Exhibition,
on view in Pittsburgh through December 18,
reflects the deepening crisis of contemporary
painting.*

BY HILTON KRAMER

THERE is nothing quite like the Carnegie International anywhere else on the American art scene. Since 1896, when the Institute organized the first of these vast assemblages of contemporary painting from the world over, no other single event has matched it in scope and ambition. Unlike the periodic Whitney, Corcoran or Illinois shows, it does not limit itself to American artists, and it is therefore this country's only "answer" to the renowned, world-wide spectacles in Venice and Sao Paulo.

It is well to be reminded of this unique status, and to know that fifty-nine years ago artists who have since won their fame in the modern canon—Monet, Degas, Fantin-Latour, Eakins, Whistler, Hassam and Homer—were similarly pitted against each other and against their now nameless contemporaries. Thus for half a century (and longer) this is the means our society has chosen to recognize, and actually to reward, the one great human endeavor for which it has no use (and often no charity) in the workaday pattern of its normal life. If the result reminds one more of a Roman circus or a special form of Olympic games than of any natural trafficking with art, that too serves to point up the social nature of this singular American event. This is the ritual we have devised for admitting the fact of art into our public life; newspapers which remain unconcerned about painting most of the year will publish news of the prize-winners, and may even shake off the sleep of indifference long enough to attack an artist here and there; national magazines which make a policy of ridiculing contemporary art (until it becomes important enough for them to "ride" one artist or another) will doubtless rush full-color features into print; and in general, the public will come away with a glow of self-satisfaction which will almost overcome for a moment the acute cultural anxieties which brought it to see the show.

As social rituals go, this is a relatively harmless event; it cannot even boast any blood sacrifices if we discount that which is sweated in the artists' studios. Yet when one has wandered through the great halls of the Institute and confronted its voluminous exhibits (in this case, numbering 328 works)—and even more, when one contemplates the vast expenditure of energy and creative zeal which this enormous exhibition embodies—it seems almost irrelevant, not to say ungrateful, merely to declare that one's overriding impression is one of fatigue. It is a fatigue not of the eye only—though this it certainly is—but of the mind invited to take in so extensive a catalogue of human ambition. And to this fatigue of the mind is added a nagging suspicion that this whole gathering of talents comes at an odd moment—a moment when the art of painting sinks day by day into a deepening crisis from which it will not be easily retrieved.

This crisis is writ large on the Institute's walls, and it cannot be ascribed to the selection itself. One may quarrel with this selection in part—I certainly would—but on the whole one can only marvel at how well certain of the painters are represented, and particularly some of the younger Americans whose probing and anarchic talents make a judicious single selection very difficult. This supports one's confidence that painters whose work is less accessible to us in New York are being represented at something like their best, and therefore we can feel that this year's International does exactly what it set out to do: It tells us what is going on in painting today.

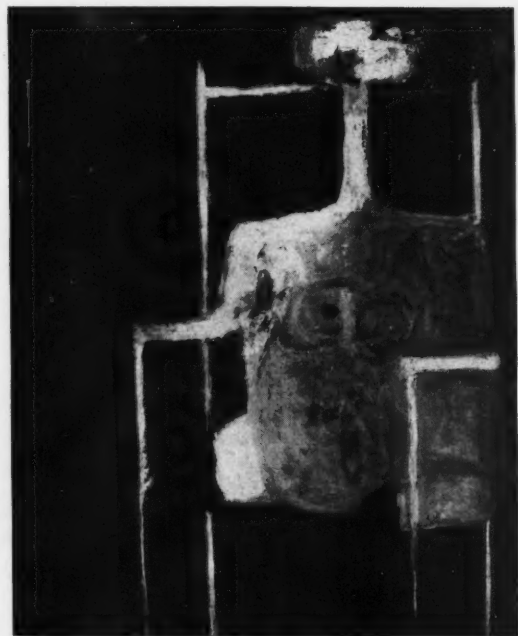
But "what is going on" is nothing less than the decline of easel painting. This decline transcends stylistic differences; it is manifested as much in those feeble realist and social realist painters, who now gush with sentiment where they used to scream with protest, as it is in those who drip, soak, slash, and otherwise inflict a non-objective image onto a canvas. In fact, the juxtaposition of their works underscores their common relation to the past, a relation which is parasitical and destructive. For the contemporary crisis in painting consists in this: that a living, reciprocal relation with the past no longer obtains, and hence the contemporary artist, cut off from the integrity of his craft (by which the past has traditionally been transmitted as a vital force to the present), can only go through the motions of his art without any real means—and ultimately, any real hope—of bringing it to fruition.

THE artists who come off best in the Carnegie show are, surprisingly, a small number of Americans and Britons* who have somehow managed to poise themselves on the edges of this crisis firmly enough to achieve some notable paintings. Outstanding among these is Robert Medley, a British painter who is unknown here. His *Spring Eclogue* is—for one viewer at least—the most brilliant painting in the International. It is a large work, soft and subtle in color (tans, browns, greens), and rather grand in its composition. The motifs are drawn from figures on (and off) bicycles; and the formal problem Medley set himself—to accommodate a multitude of figures in an imaginary space and to endow them with two rather different kinds of movement, both the abstract movement of a painted composition on a flat surface and the literal movement of figures in the open air—is resolved with real mastery.

Medley's better-known compatriot, William Scott, is represented by what is his most intense, if not his best, painting to be seen in this country. The vivid, red and yellow *Seated Figure* strengthens one's respect for a talent which is not easily seduced into easy "ways out."

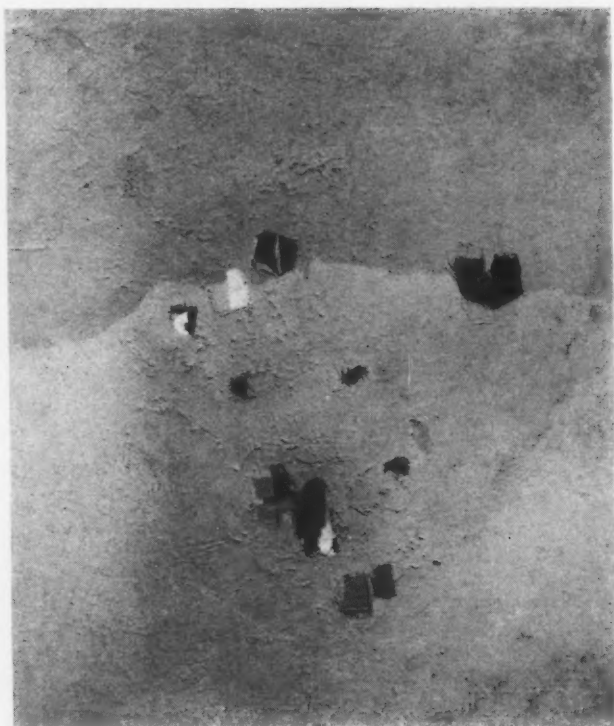
But it is the American painters who loom largest in the International in two quite separate ways. The most ubiquitous "presence" in the exhibition is, in fact, no single painting but the American "look" which is everywhere visible in the abstract painting from Europe. It constitutes one of the paramount historical themes of the post-war decade—this "liberation" which American abstract expressionism has exercised on European painting; and it goes a long way toward defining the crisis in which painting now finds itself. One can readily see why certain Frenchmen, for example, might have welcomed this raw and romantic style, for the French these days seem to be producing an art which is, for the most part, very tasteful, perfectly correct and absolutely vacuous (e.g., Bazaine and Manessier), and the polemical attractions of the American school have the twofold virtue of countering both this effete pastry-making and the harsh burdens which the discipline of their own tradition imposes on them. But the

*This is admittedly a minority opinion. The distinguished jury which awarded prizes in the Carnegie show scarcely acknowledged the participation of American and British painters. See page 8 for news of prizes and jury.



*One of the surprising features of the Carnegie show is the vigour of the British paintings. Two of the best works in the exhibition were Robert Medley's **SPRING ECLOGUE** (above) and William Scott's **SEATED FIGURE** (left). Scott has been exhibited in this country before, most recently at the Museum of Modern Art and the Martha Jackson Gallery, but none of these earlier works indicated to the same extent the artist's strength as a colorist. Medley is virtually unknown in New York.*

PITTSBURGH



Angelo Ippolito: *Dunes*

results are disappointing; the synthesis we might have expected from this confrontation of raw American energy and French sensibility has never come off.

THIS, then, is one of the ways in which American art dominates the Carnegie show. But in quite another way, through a mere handful of pictures which have not been around long enough to exercise an influence on anyone, pictures for the most part by some of the younger exhibitors, pictures which afford their pleasures without having recourse to historical "ideas"—it is in these pictures by younger painters that American art is upheld in this year's International. They are not the kind of pictures which win prizes—yet. (And they tend to have a kind of "second-team" status in big events of this kind where the crowd is panting for fancy passing and quick touchdowns.) But the best of them—Seymour Boardman's visionary *Landscape-Island*, Angelo Ippolito's brilliantly colored *Dunes*, Felix Pasilis's *Floral Vista*, Sue L. Mitchell's *Bouquet*, and Philip Pearlstein's *The Crest of the Mountain*—are painted with a modesty and seriousness which focuses all energies on the prosaic tasks of making a good picture. They are, admittedly, vulnerable in important ways: Pasilis hasn't yet worked through his attachment to Hofmann and come out fully on his own ground, and Miss Mitchell's painting comes hazardously close to losing its formal center. Vulnerable—yes; but they are the kind of pictures one can respect and take pleasure in all the same. They offer a quiet kind of evidence that the noisy American "presence" which everywhere announces itself in the International is not the whole story of American art today.

Seymour Boardman: *Landscape-Island*



One of the greatest sculptors in modern times
is presented in his first major retrospective exhibition
at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, October 26-January 8.
Over seventy works are included.

BRANCUSI

BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI, sculptor, is a Rumanian by birth living as all the world knows in Paris. This is an exhibition of some of his major works.

The *Adam and Eve* (wood) is one of his characteristic pieces. Here is a story that tells much of his methods with his materials, it is the history of an afterthought, revealing the man as he drives on to a conclusion. The *Adam and Eve*, one of the summative pieces of his prime was first conceived by him as two statues—contrasting the sexes, hacked out to exemplify their contrasting anatomies and the significance of the relationship. One is the mother who nourishes the child and through that the continuance of all life. But what of the man? He supplies apart from the spark itself the sinews that hold him before all, erect, on whom the woman relies for her support.

Thinking of the two pieces perhaps with dissatisfaction, apart, Brancusi after he had first exhibited them or perhaps at the very time, his mind itself painfully divided—not knowing what to do to relieve his unrest, had an inspiration!

Returning the pieces to his studio he took a wooden peg and placing the *Eve* on his *Adam's* head he fastened her there. A unit! He had made them one which he had always wanted only *didn't know* how. His mind had been slow to act but when at last he saw how the thing should go, he moved with complete conviction, calming himself and presenting himself, an artist, to the world in all his crudity and primitive strength by that simple deed.

This exhibition should be witnessed with those few pieces currently at the Museum of Modern Art, as a unit. There are works in wood, stone and polished metal, a fair showing from Brancusi's major work over a lifetime. It is not to be described as abstract art, the figures are presented without distortion, in a natural relationship of their anatomic parts reduced to the essentials. In an early piece, *Ancient Figure* (stone), two arms being in the presentation graphically redundant, one is made to carry the burden of the presentation.

This by the way is an interesting piece. It shows many of the traits of having been conceived early in the artist's career, when he was interested in fragments of ancient statues recovered from the fields about his natal region where he must have observed them in his youth. In this statue there are parts which have been broken off and lost: a heel, part of the forehead and the face—but the essential thing is that it remains sculpturally whole for all that: two monolithic figures, one turned toward the rock one half away. Later the elimination of the inessential progressed further but in this the details of the anatomy are still discernable. He must have learned much from this early piece. To rely on the accidental for distinction, as on the broken segment of an ancient statue, is not a gesture which Brancusi could long tolerate. There was only the consciously intended, trimmed to the bare essentials to be seen in his later pieces.

The man, now well over seventy, living alone, as he has always lived, in his studio has become famous for his broiled steaks cooked by himself at his own fire which he himself serves as though he were a shepherd at night on one of his native hillsides under the stars. A white collie named "Polaire" used to be his constant companion reinforcing the impression of a shepherd which with his shaggy head of hair, broad shoulders and habitual reserve he seemed to his friends to be. But he is not as his friends clearly understand to be taken advantage of. I remember him speaking of the small merchants of his quarter when he first moved in, how they looked him over, especially the women, but when they found

out his mettle, they became his friends.

When he was young he was a pupil of the sculptor, Rodin. After a time he saw how their paths, the older man with his ideas and sentiments which Brancusi did not share and had no interest in, diverted. His ideas were simpler, in their essentials more primitive, more related to the materials with which he a workman, a sculptor had to do. It is to bring out of a hunk of wood or stone what is hidden there, by force of what he sees, not a placing on it of an extraneous idea, that forced the sculptor's hand.

Brancusi wanted to lay calming hands on the rock itself, to force the materials to obey his will—that is why his eye sees in his chunks of wood so many revelations. The pieces here from the monumental *Arch* and *The Bench* (wood) are completely revealing. It is strange to see a sculptured head by Modigliani, who began his career in the field and who influenced Brancusi at one time. Modigliani's head is smoothly moulded showing as it does much virtuosity in the handling—Brancusi, at about this time, was showing much more interest in the total, massive effect. He was leaving the finish often untouched, broken off fragments, as in *Ancient Figure* already spoken of. He would not be contained by the mere lines of a drawing.

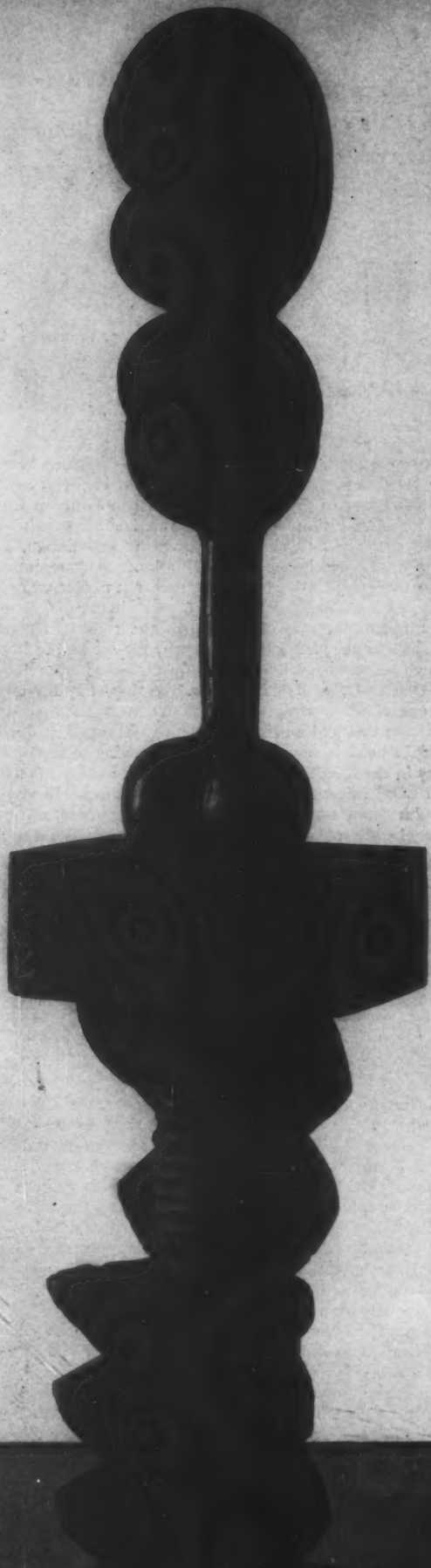
The *Arch* and *Bench* show this tendency admirably. They seem to have been constructed of driftwood, showing the effects of severe weather, the fragmentation and even rot, of the elements and the color, the grey color of all drift. These are the only pieces I saw directly designed to rest on the ground, both arches, one to go through the air which they surround and the other, the bench, to support a burden, a human burden, which it lifts, more modestly, up.

The *Arch* might have been called, from the design across its brow, the way it lifts it without other decoration above the earth, *The Rainbow*.

The Endless Column is one that gives the same sense of Brancusi's concern with the air about him. I saw the same theme expressed in his Paris studio but it seemed to be on a larger scale than here (the Modern's piece) and much more effective. It needs bulk to give it the thrust that is called for—this is perhaps an earlier version. It appears with an alternate swell and narrowing of a quadrilateral column up from the ground without pedestal, stopping at the ceiling without check as if it were destined to go on indefinitely. It has been carved out of oak or some other strong wood in bold scollops as the beams of some of our colonial ceilings were made using an adze. It is through the air it lifts to an unknown height. The surface of the finish is unessential—in which it differs from the column of a Greek temple.

There are other wood pieces in which I find Brancusi more effective of which I will speak again later. The highly polished surfaces of his great stone *Fish* (in the Museum of Modern Art) and of the lesser *Fish* (with the reflecting pool) here likewise the *Bird in Space*, marble and metal, and his *Sophisticated Young Lady* call for another view of the sculptor's genius. What in so crude a view, so basic, as his led him to do it? Was it a feeling of his own futility facing a world foreign to him, an essential peasant, which he must surmount in the only way he knew of, to escape. He lived a bachelor who saw a world of desirable women, often beautiful, about him. The *Fish*, inhabiting an element in which he could not be at home was of this sort—or the *Bird in Space*.

These are of the nature of fundamentals, defeats perhaps but subject to the same treatment as a more familiar world and so, by his art, and his mastery of the essentials of his art, the elimination



BRANCUSI

of the inessential, he could survive. *Mme Pogany* was an aristocrat, *Nancy Cunard* was an aristocrat, the Fish escaping the checks of the land is an aristocrat and the artist, likewise, he Brancusi, being an artist is also an aristocrat and should run with his own kind. Aristocrats are polished, the lines of their anatomies are gracile.

The *Bird in Space* gives an undoubted sense of flight, of the surrounding air, which is difficult for a sculptor to depict with the weight of his materials always before him. Most do not succeed but find their pieces anchored heavily at their feet, even the best of them—the wind in the clothes of the Nike of Samothrace or even in Gauden's General Sherman are cases in point. But Brancusi did not allow himself the realism that these figures imply—yet he succeeded in his attempt to make the bird fly. We see no wings. It is the balance of the piece; I think a person witnessing it knows without a word instinctively what is intended. I recall a figure representing a woman's torso, a stone piece, placed solidly on its base that through some skill in the presentation gives that same sense of elevation. I wonder how a woman would feel about it.

Speaking of pieces of sculpture solidly anchored on their bases I want to report presently on one of Brancusi's insistences in making his pedestals an intricate part of his compositions.

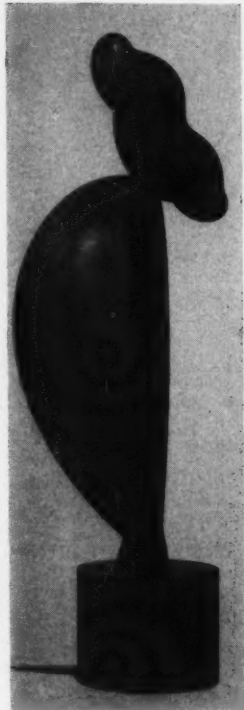
In one of the few "literary" subjects he ever undertook the *Miastra* (stone) a bird with its mouth open, singing, a fairy tale or heroic legend from his childhood that perhaps meant much to him he expressed it most in the pedestal, a broad stone disk (plaster) which surrounds the sculptured figure singing which it supports—as with an aura of thought. But this is unusual with him, the obsession with the materials, the direct contact with the wood or the stone or metal with which his hands are in contact governed his thoughts more. The direct handling of his materials is one thing that influenced him, kept his eye from wandering. There was also with Brancusi the constant pull toward the center, to simplify, to eliminate the inessential, to purify, a scientific impulse to get at the very gist of the matter kept him steady. His pedestals separate him from a hostile world, isolating his subject from the inessential, keeping it "sterile" in the surgical sense, making it something to be considered separately. There is a good story about this trait in the artist, how furious he was at a patron, an exhibitor of his, Brancusi's work, fortunately for us, a Brazilian, who had placed a piece *sans* pedestal for the public to view. The artist's remarks are not recorded, but his indignation became plain enough so that error is not likely to be repeated.

As a draughtsman Brancusi is skillful, as might be expected. I will speak here only of one famous cartoon, that of the *Mme Pogany*. It reveals a voluptuous woman with big thighs, the entire figure realistically shown but even in this phase of his composition the artist, although he is attracted by the woman and shows it in his drawing, is concerned most with the proportions and lines of the figure in the round. Even in the flat drawing it can be felt these are surfaces that must go beyond graphic representation to be fully realized. What then does the artist do with his problem? In the first place he cuts the body off at the neck: enough of that. He is interested only in the head, a polished woman but a tortured one enslaved by the mind. The figure the artist has seen has the movement, the same movement in it as Michaelangelo's slaves, twist upon themselves like the wind of a tornado. Just the fingers of one hand, a concession to realism, are included.

We are witnessing how from the beginning in the cartoon, the sculptor works eliminating details, concentrating slowly (it must have taken years for the finished piece to evolve, not what he had conceived at the first glance, but what in his own mind it had resolved itself to be: a piece of metal which the artist has moulded to express forever, as long as a man may live, what he has to say).

The *Prodigal Son* (wood) refutes what I have just stated, that the sculptor's interest has not been concerned with literary subjects. This is not primarily a literary subject at all but a moral one, I will say not a plastic opportunity, but by his handling he has made it so. It reminds me somewhat, the single figure, of the Socrates, the *Socrate*, which he showed me in the Paris studio.

SOPHISTICATED LADY. Collection Mrs. Marcel Duchamp



BIRD (MAESTRA), 1912.



THE ARCH

Works produced on these pages are from the Philadelphia Museum's Arensberg Collection unless otherwise noted.

I do not mean to contrast the two pieces directly because they are not alike, but they are both of wood and the handling is similar, both witty and both outspoken showing the same tactile quality: Socrates is all mouth, a mouth that goes wildly through the entire head so that there can be no question of hiding the brain back of it! Through and through, it holds nothing back—the man seen in the frame of his own big mouth. Brancusi's *Prodigal Son* has the same graphic quality though the entire figure of a man, of a contrite man is depicted.

The Penguins must have interested the artist mainly because of their shape, how they summarized certain sculptural features, a plastic unity which cannot but have intrigued him. The figures have no other significance.

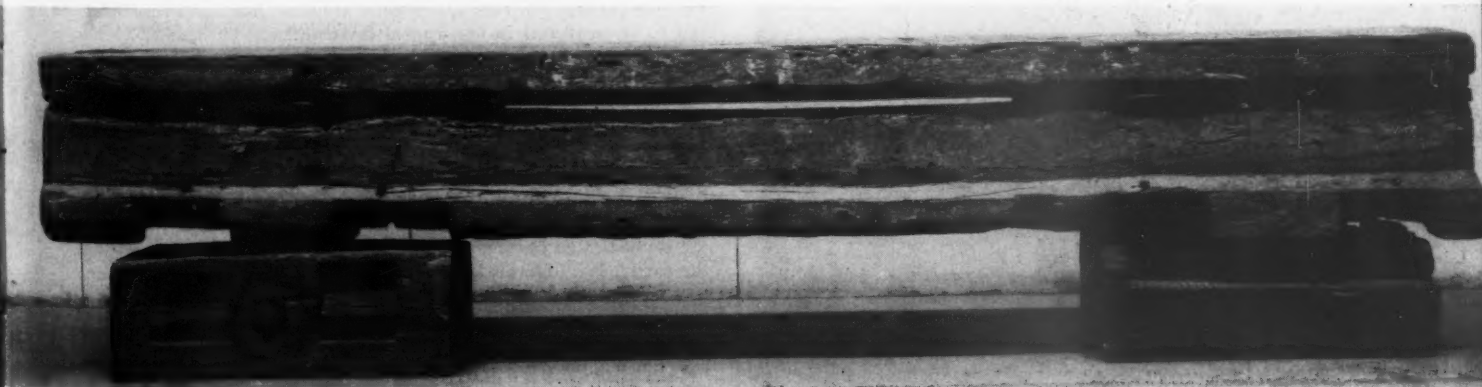
The Kiss (stone) a small tombstone in the Père Lachaise cemetery in Paris, is something else again. It represents two figures, a man and a woman, locked in each others arms in the final embrace, of death, in which they will continue forever united. It is conceived in the very shape of a tombstone of modest size to be inconspicuous as so private an emotion should be. The faces are

pressed together, fused together, the features blending because they want them to blend into a whole. This must have been a particularly congenial commission for the sculptor to create. It must have engaged his emotions and his mind. It presented a pathetic, an emotional subject but at the same time it satisfied an urge to summarize, to eliminate redundant detail, to make one body out of two, which had always been his aim. To get rid of one body entirely and make the subject unique, single. To have succeeded in that must have been a secret satisfaction of no small proportions. The result represents one of Brancusi's major achievements.

The New Born is the bare head of a baby, without a neck, in other words an egg showing only a suggestion of what it is destined to be. Again we see Brancusi's fervor for the elimination of inessential detail. The baby is to develop into a man or a woman. That being implied what else need be said—save that this is to be a human being, a brain, the outer case of which has all that has appeared as yet with all its fearful implications.

White Negress (stone) a portrait head, showing that to a sculp-

THE BENCH



BRANCUSI



TORSO OF A YOUNG MAN, 1922



PRODIGAL SON



THE KISS

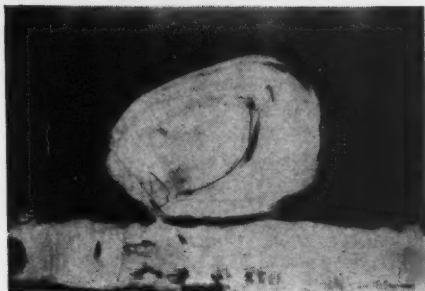
tor the color of the skin is inessential. The lips are appropriately emphasized. It is a mere detail.

Sculpture for the Hand (stone) without pedestal, that invites touch as much as any rock picked up on a beach where it has been worn by the sea—to an almost symmetrical contour. I cannot believe other than that the sculptor intended that we or any one should be as quick to detect the divergence from *absolute* symmetry as he. As much might be said of any large pebble which not having the opportunity to handle, I shall have to forego speaking more of it. It is the sculptural quality of the thing that the artist wants to emphasize and that in this, the eye and hand are interchangeable.

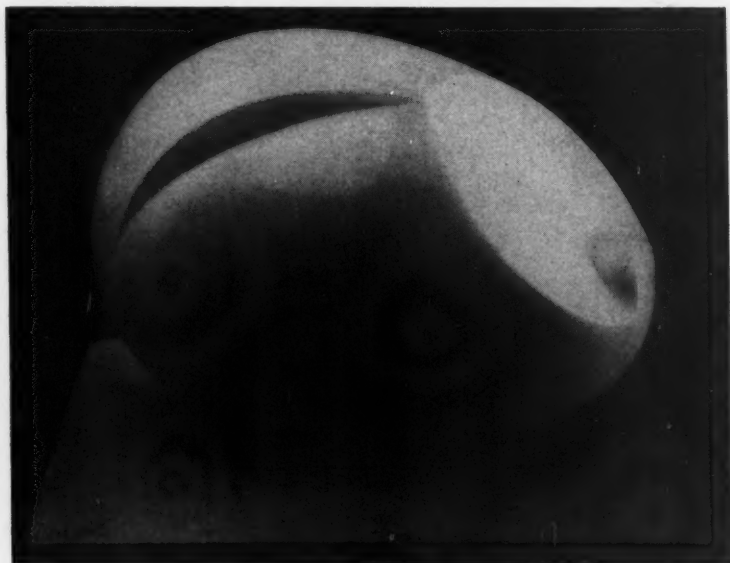
But perhaps the most famous, as it is the most spectacular of Brancusi's creations and the piece which has brought him most fame is *The Princess* (polished brass) with its flagrant implication: it resembles the human phallus. Here Brancusi has blended portraiture and sculptural quality into a subject that has a distinction that has caught the eyes of the world. At the same time he has spoken unashamedly of a distinguished lady's intimate character in a way which cannot give her or the world the slightest offense. On the contrary it can only enhance her fame showing her to be universal in her appeal for us all.

It is a figure of the head and upper breast of a woman with a long and graceful neck, like a swan. It immediately attracts, as the contours inevitably suggest the phallus and parts of a man. The mind jumps from that to the conclusion of the woman's interest in all men that she governs and impresses with her charms.

As always with Brancusi, the sculptor's sole interest has been to portray the plastic interest of his subject for him, in that he succeeded brilliantly. It had to be done in polished metal to show the sophisticated character of the subject. It had to be done with the daring that disdained to hide with aristocratic candor of a contempt for hiding anything from the view of the world. It would be the nature of his subject to be indifferent to what was thought of her. So the artist, as in the case of Goya and his *Maja Desnuda*, had nothing to conceal and did not. Or if, as in all the arts, reticence is a virtue, the subject is covered in the obscurity of the art itself—baffling to all observers, hidden from recognition under a cloud which it escapes, as a god, on which none can stare with



NEW BORN, below. STUDY FOR NEW BORN, above.



impunity.

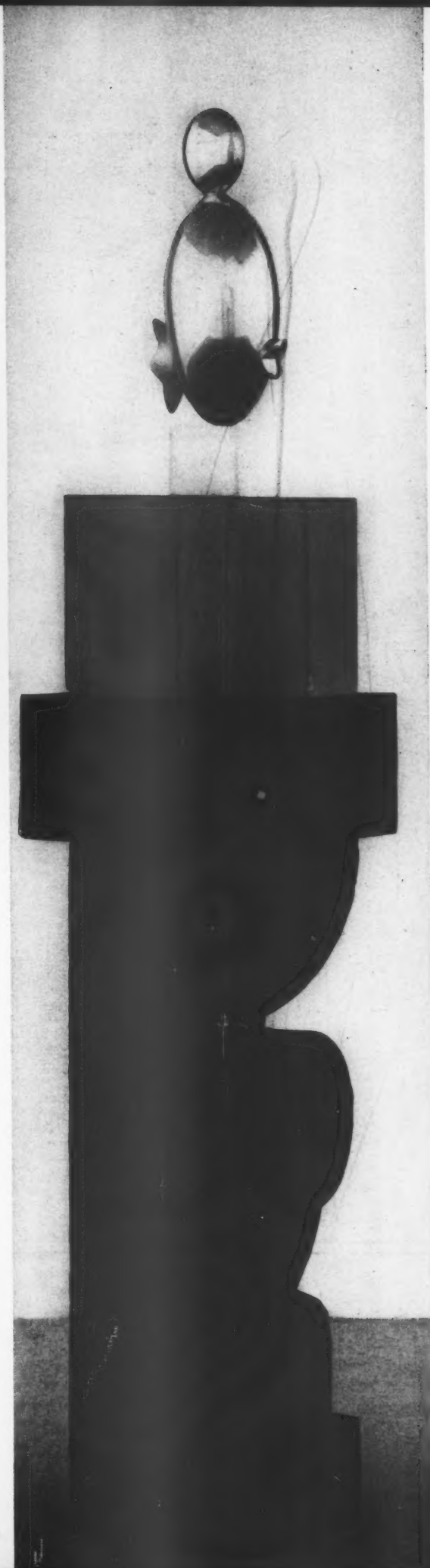
To change from an occupation with the heady liquors of the female form and its implications we have only to look at *Torso of a Young Man* (wood). The powerful legs jut out symmetrically from the immature body as would those of a potential athlete not quite come into his own. The power is there and the threat of the deeds to come but as yet it is recorded as a symmetry which the artist alone, or a mother, can look at with admiration or alarm.

The New Born is another unattached head, as if freshly out of the egg, which concerns the sculptor above the as yet non-existent body. But in this case it has progressed beyond the first stage: it has developed a vestige of a NOSE and a MOUTH out of which issue yells, thus making its presence in the world known and by way of which it is *FED!* When the artist had plastically conveyed these facts he was through with the problem and quit.

The lesser *Fish*, (marble) of which I have already spoken, with mirror is chiefly notable for its pedestal to which the mirror is attached. The whole with the reflecting surface, doubling the image, with the bevelled quadrilateral support narrowing at the waist, makes an attractive decorative unit, something with which Brancusi seldom is concerned.

I have left to the last the further consideration of the much larger *Fish* (polished, green mottled marble) because it is not exhibited here but in the Modern Museum in which it occupies a prominent place as one of the artist's major works. It should unquestionably be seen. Here Brancusi has been at his greatest, eliminating all that is inessential until the pure form comes out in all its simple dignity and conviction as we veritably gasp to witness it.

And finally—*Figure*, the portrait of a young girl (wood), because it so amuses me. This is the picture of a girl before the age of puberty, before sex has hit her. She is ungainly, with skinny but straight legs. She is not alluring but positively ugly, self-conscious and probably miserable—but to the artist who sees how she is put together and has only an interest, with sympathy, in that. One can almost hear Brancusi speaking as he depicts her, possibly naked—with relief that he does not have to consider the woman of it.



On the occasion of the Toulouse-Lautrec exhibition in Philadelphia, ARTS devotes its master-artist feature to the Frenchman who carried the art of the poster to the greatest heights it has known. The Philadelphia Museum of Art is currently displaying (until December 11) the most comprehensive exhibition of Toulouse-Lautrec ever shown in America.



TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC is decidedly *à la mode* nowadays. His popularity, however, is hardly the sort he himself would relish. When his name is mentioned the immediate association is not "posters" or "paintings," but something like "debauchery," or perhaps "legs"—photogenic legs from Hollywood as well as his own poor stunted limbs. Under the circumstances, the current exhibition of Lautrec's works at Philadelphia renders him a badly needed service. It presents his œuvre without the clustering fictional accretions. And in showing what he actually achieved it asserts his true and very real importance.

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec was a born artist. The accidents that left him a cripple may have confirmed his vocation, but certainly did not give rise to it in the first place. He was hardly out of the cradle when he started to draw. At the age of three, when his little brother was being baptized, Henri wanted to sign the parish register along with the grown-ups. The canoness pointed out that he didn't yet know how to write. "Then I'll draw an ox," the boy replied. Later, as he went from school to school, he filled the margins of his textbooks with singularly precocious drawings.

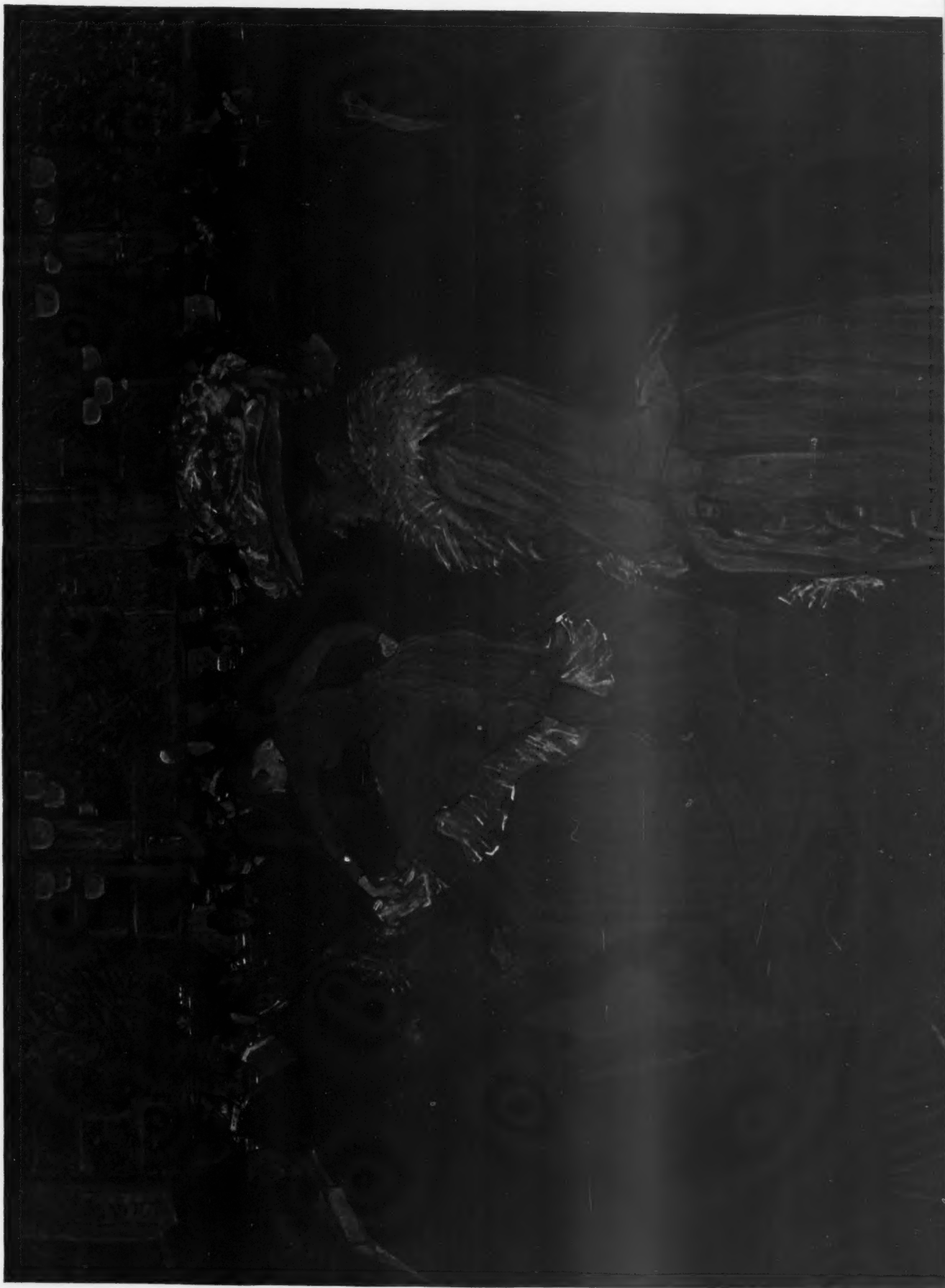
His childhood was a fortunate and even privileged one. Born (in 1864, at Albi) into a wealthy family, he spent his early years playing with cousins who were as carefree and fortunate as he. Both his father and mother were of noble descent. His father, after a dashing career in the Army, busily played the part of gentleman-sportsman. He kept not only his horses but his family on the trot, now in Paris, now on the Riviera, now at his game preserves in Sologne. Despite the nomadic life, young Henri did brilliantly in his studies, winning one prize after another.

As the boy entered his teens his health declined. His bones refused to develop and became dangerously frail. His parents, who were first cousins, believed the ailment to be congenital. At the age of fourteen Henri fractured first his left thigh



Lautrec was fond of inserting familiar faces and figures in the background of his works. In CARNAVAL (above) we see his own diminutive form flanked by the towering and gawky Gabriel Tapié de Céleyran. The two are making their way through the spectators' gallery at the Moulin Rouge. The "Carnival" at the music hall was a feature comparable to the Grand Entry at Ringling Bros. Perched atop the Algerian donkey is La Goulue, whose fame was spectacular but brief. Living up to her nickname of "The Glutton," she grew too fat to dance, became a side-show belly dancer, and finally a ragpicker.

THE MOULIN ROUGE FURNISHED THE SETTING FOR NEARLY A SCORE OF Lautrec's drawings and paintings. Below is the earliest of the works, Au Moulin Rouge: la Danse (courtesy of Mr. Henry P. McIlhenny). The canvas dates from 1890. It shows the most famous male dancer of the day, Valentin le Désossé, or "Boneless Valentine," going through the intricate steps of the quadrille with an unknown partner—his usual partner was La Goulue, "The Glutton." The picture was bought by the manager of the Moulin Rouge, and hung above the bar in the entry of the dance hall.





MONTMARTRE'S FERNANDO CIRCUS, ON BOULEVARD ROCHECHOUART, FIG-
ures repeatedly in French art. Degas, Renoir and Seurat had depicted it before Lautrec, and
later, after it was renamed the Medrano, it gave Picasso a number of his recurrent motifs.
Lautrec did the above, Au Cirque Fernando: l'Écuycère (Art Institute of Chicago), in 1888.
The ringmaster is the famous "Monsieur Loyal." The almost brutal thrust of his figure domi-
nates the tableau, imposing direction not only upon the horse, but even upon the rider, the
"écuyère" who is ostensibly the subject of the painting. In 1899, while confined in a sana-
tarium, Lautrec did some forty drawings of circus scenes from memory.



and then the right as well in falls. Convalescence stretched from months into years, and the boy had to recognize that he would be deformed for life. He met the blow heroically. He refused to pity himself, and he adopted a crisp, sardonic manner that forestalled any expression of sympathy from others.

Drawing was the great consolation of his invalid days. It became the preoccupation of his life. As soon as he could hobble about with a cane he began to frequent the studio of René Princeteau, then known for his military and equestrian scenes. At eighteen he began more formal instruction with Bonnat, the "favorite painter of millionaires," who promptly told him, "Your painting isn't bad—clever, but still not bad; but your drawing is simply atrocious." The boy's draftsmanship already showed a freedom and originality that an academic painter could only find disturbing. Lautrec's enthusiasms—for Daumier, Degas, Forain and the Japanese printmakers—similarly disturbed his master.

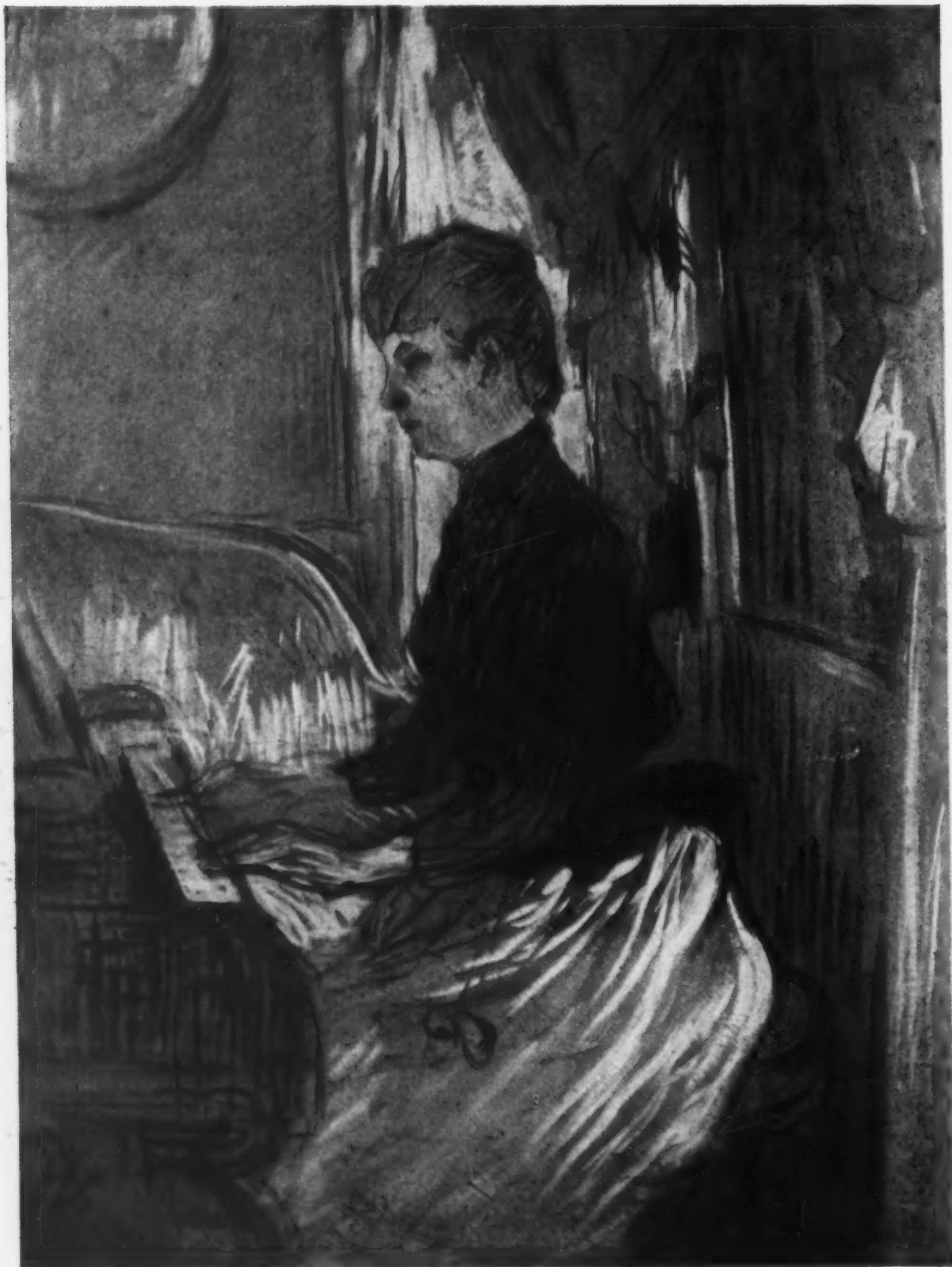
In 1886, when he was twenty-two, Lautrec found the atelier that was to be his headquarters through most of the productive years. It was at the corner of Rue Tourlaque and Rue Caulaincourt, in the heart of Montmartre, and he set about depicting the life of the animated quarter. With his sketch book and the diminutive cane he called his "button-

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ONE OF TOULOUSE-LAUTREC'S LARGEST paintings (57" x 60") is *Lender in the Bolero* of Chilpéric (below, courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney). The artist loved the color and animation of throngs; inevitably he was drawn to the theatre. His favorite actress was the spirited Marcelle Lender. In 1896 she was playin_g in

Chilpéric, an operetta by Hervé, and Lautrec shows her dancing the bolero before the assembled court of King Chilpéric. The artist attended her performances for weeks, night after night. His notebook of the period is filled not only with numerous sketches of her, but with sketches of each of the individual figures that appear here.



BORN NO LESS THAN HENRI-MARIE-RAYMOND DE Toulouse-Lautrec-Monfa, the artist often spoke with pride of his family, which he could trace back nearly to the time of Charlemagne. The numerous family portraits that he intended for the public eye show none of the caricatural elements he introduced in most of his work. Privately he was less respectful; for his own satisfaction he did a splendid drawing of his father wearing a hat and nothing else. His treatment of the women in his family is always serious—almost reverent: witness the above portrait of his cousin, MME JULIETTE PASCAL AT THE PIANO (courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Rodolphe M. de Schauensee).





Landscape and still life held no appeal for Lautrec. What fascinated him was vitality—conscious vitality. In his work he would try to catch a sudden flash of movement, or an instant's poise before a spring, or a glint of the eye that reveals eager response. The artist in him often found animals to be as absorbing as men. Reared in a family of sportsmen, he had become a connoisseur of horses and dogs, and he continued to paint them throughout his career. His picture of the dainty and alert FOLLETTE (left, Philadelphia Museum of Art) dates from 1890.



Lautrec's precocious talent is evidenced by GUNNER SADDLING HIS HORSE (right, courtesy of Albi Museum). Only fifteen when he painted the work, the already crippled boy was receiving encouragement and informal instruction from René Princeteau, a specialist in military and sporting scenes.

continued from page 29

hook," he became a familiar figure in the cafés and cabarets of the hill—the Mirliton, the Moulin de la Galette, Bruant's Cabaret Artistique, the Moulin Rouge. He was an attentive observer, too, at the nearby circus, the Cirque Fernando.

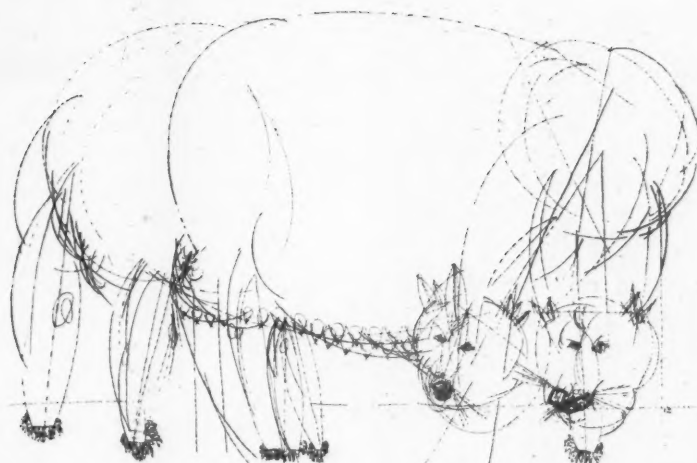
His reputation was established by the posters he did for his favorite cabarets. Undoubtedly he owed his recognition in part to the fame of the stars he portrayed: La Goulue, Valentin le Désossé, Bruant, Yvette Guilbert, Jane Avril, May Belfort, Marcelle Lender. He cleared the debt by perpetuating their names, by linking them with works of arresting, unforgettable verve and strength.

Toulouse-Lautrec worked hard and he drank hard. By 1899 his constitution was badly undermined. Delirium tremens threatened. He fell into arguments with strangers, imagined himself surrounded by enemies, and finally saw an army of microbes invading his studio. He was taken to a private sanitarium outside Paris, where he speedily recovered his lucidity but not his strength. On his release he began traveling dejectedly and almost aimlessly about France, attended by Paul Viaud, a devoted friend of the family. Two years later he was stricken with paralysis. He was taken to Malromé, his mother's residence, where he died on September 9, 1901, at the age of thirty-seven.

Detractors promptly called his early death a punishment he deserved. His friends considered it a merciful surcease to his sufferings.



Last year Glasco worked almost exclusively on this large, meticulous canvas, Salome. The figures have a sharpness of outline and a compactness of form which makes them more mannequins than myths. The masklike quality of some of the early faces has taken over the entire body, and from the puppet stiffness of the gestures, the elation in the uptilted chin, a curious sense of living is implied.



Ink drawing, The Cat, 1949.

JOSEPH GLASCO

This young American artist, working outside current directions and enjoying a surprising success, remains nonetheless an enigma to his contemporaries.

BY LAVERNE GEORGE

FEW people who have reviewed Joseph Glasco's work or written about it have done so with any clear conviction that they knew what it was about, but no one ever doubts that Glasco knows. The heads which are landscapes or landscapes which are heads, the taut, swollen bodies pinned to earth by the slimmest of ankles and tiny feet—each canvas has a counterpoint of figure and pattern, tension and serenity, which is often exhilarating, but more frequently disturbing. To some, Glasco's people are the essence of pathetic good will; to others, they embody the horror of ineffectuality.

On the other hand, William Goyen writes, "They are an animal-God race, a strong, human, unhaunted race of the pure and enduring undefeated soul."

And Glasco, himself? "They are interior thoughts that exist in my heart and mind and not in my eyes."

There are not many people who have known Glasco who will claim that they understand him. And yet it would be hard to find a more pleasant, frank, refreshingly polite young man. He does not enjoy talking about himself but is willing to discuss his work, even though to question him can only mean that you have not been able to see what he has put on the canvas. When asked about the meaning of the "gesture" which recurs in so many of his paintings, the upraised arm, "Is it a salute, or the appeal of a drowning man?" he shrugged and said, "It could be either."

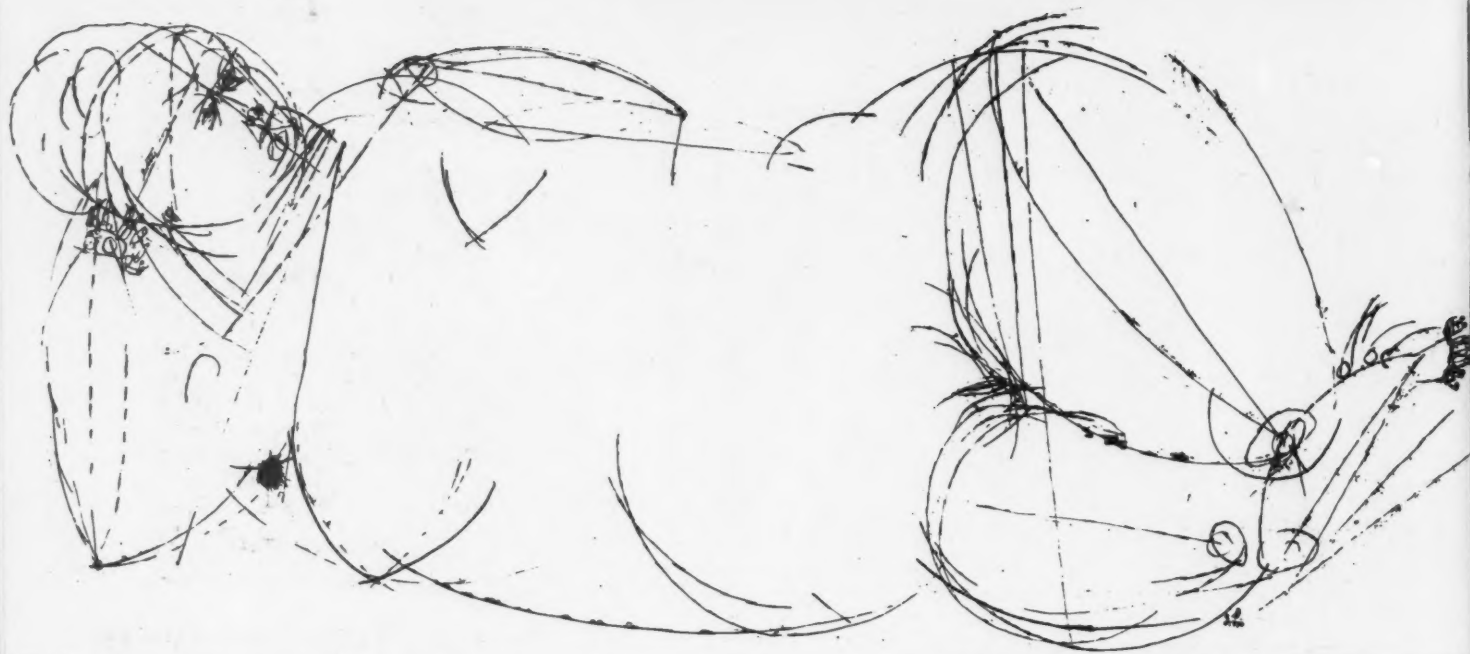
"But it has no specific meaning for you?"

He smiled. "Probably no more than to fill up space."

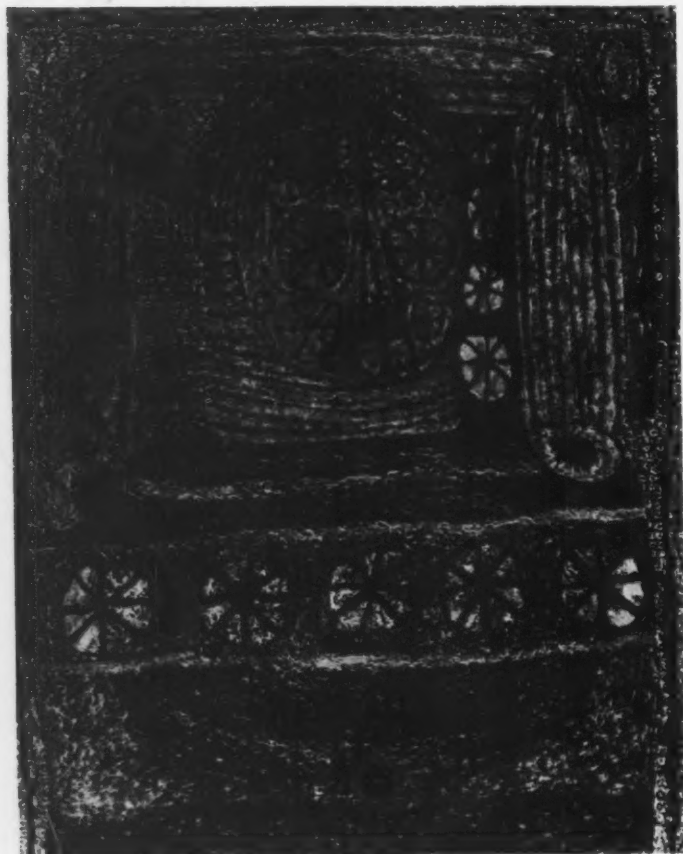
However, when the talk shifts to principles and the work of other painters, the tone of his phrasing changes. Though no less affable, he becomes strikingly articulate, and through the quietness of his



"... he is very sure of who he is and what he is doing."



Glasco keeps in his wallet a clipping from a Chicago newspaper which says that his drawings, such as *Reclining Nude*, 1949 (from the collection of Glen Tetley), above, should be "run out of town." Perhaps the critic objected not so much to the drawing as to the minutely written object of the nude's contemplation. *Athlete in Landscape*, 1950 (from the collection of Lee Ault), below, seems a synthesis of the figures and symbols that Glasco had previously used.



voice, the softening effect of his Southern accent, there nevertheless is a clear, hard ring to everything he says. For all his courtesy, he will not shape a response to fit your opinions, and if he must disagree there is a touch of apology in his voice and a smile, but what he says will not be bent a fraction, not even aimed at neutral ground.

Returning to the sources of his own work, at least the visual experiences which might have conditioned the images he projects in his work, you ask him the traditional questions about childhood, education, travel. . .

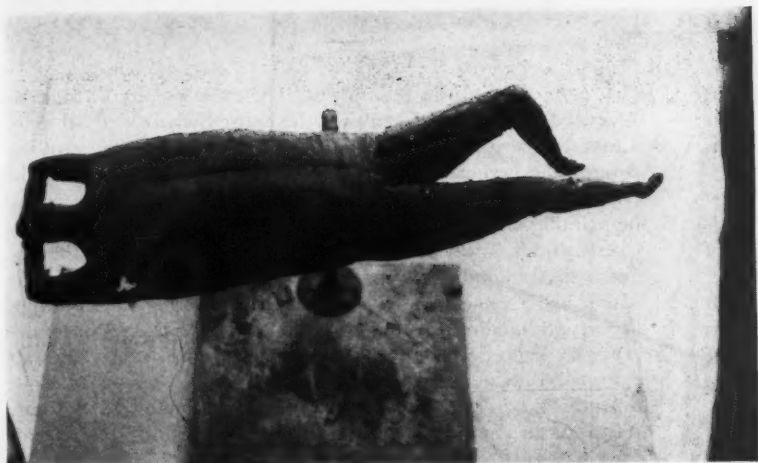
From this comes little more than statistics: Born in Oklahoma in 1925, raised in Tyler, Texas; two years in the Army; art schools attended on the G. I. Bill in California, Mexico and New York. He mentions a woman in Tyler, the Rabbi's wife, who was interested in his drawings when he was a child, and later, at a Catholic School in St. Louis, he found an instructor, Michael Sharlagh, who put him through a rigorous discipline of drawing and painting which he feels gave him the basis on which he has built his technical development.

There were no artistic influences in his family. No teacher whom he ever encountered, with the exception of Sharlagh, contributed to his style. No one artist or group of artists could be called an "influence." The closest one might come to that would be the French painter Jean Dubuffet. "I admire him for saying we should love the creases in our bellies. This, to me, is what his work often says."

(He expresses admiration, too, for Stuart Davis, Léger, Giacometti, Hopper and Jackson Pollack, and for reasons which he somehow manages to fit into an esthetic whole.)

The story of Glasco's travels offers no more substantial clues to why he paints as he does than his childhood. Two trips to Europe have been little more than half-hearted explorations of things which he never thought had much to do with him in the first place. He is not drawn to the camaraderie of cafés, nor particularly responsive to what he sees in museums.

In this country, the past few years have been a series of moves away from the commonly sought-after "painter's" environments. First, East Hampton, on Long Island. Then Taos, New Mexico, where he built a studio out of adobe and then found that he couldn't work in it. Now he is back in New York, living in a very "unartistic" part of



Glasco started making sculpture last summer in his New York studio, which, though small, accommodates the various pieces he works on simultaneously. He speaks of the difficulty of going from one medium to another, but that is not apparent in the well-realized conceptions of Reclining Figure, above left, Bather, left, and Man Walking, below right. Glasco works in clay and plaster, plans to have sculptures cast in bronze. They will be exhibited in February at the Catherine Viviano Gallery.



the city in a fourth-floor apartment without paintings on the walls or the collection of little objects which so many artists line on studio shelves or tables.

The events connected with his sudden appearance on the art scene and the dramatic success of his first show when he was only twenty-five should offer opportunities for discussion, but they don't. Yes, he was surprised and pleased by the reception given that first show at Perls in 1950. So was his family. He doesn't remember any of the reviews which were written about it, though, or any of the comment which has appeared after his three subsequent shows at the Catherine Viviano Gallery. However, he does keep a clipping in his wallet from a Chicago paper which says that his drawings should be "run out of town." (The reviewer was evidently horrified by the abundance of nipples and claws which decorate his marvelous drawings of cats and the rotundity of his rather classic nudes.)

What about all the museum purchases—the Whitney, the Museum of Modern Art; the European response to his painting included in the "Young Painters" show currently touring Europe? His responses simply underline the diffidence and detachment with which he views past work. His mind seems more on the unfinished canvases which are turned to the wall.

In fact, every question one asks Glasco is answered with a candor and directness which preclude speculation. No matter what aspect of his work or his life you touch on, you are greeted with bare facts, and in trying to interpret them you can only go off into guesswork of the most doubtful validity. Fashionable as it is to treat a man's work as some sort of public Rohrsack to be analyzed by anyone who has read about the subconscious, this is an impertinence which has led to the degradation of too much critical writing in all fields and is perhaps most uncalled for in connection with painting.

The folly of personality-interpretation seems especially risky with Glasco's work. Catherine Viviano, his dealer, is both perceptive and articulate, but she expresses the same admiring mystification and wonder so many people feel when confronted with his work. Klaus Perls, who gave him his first show, has remarked: "There is no explanation of Joe. He is just extraordinarily gifted and very sure of who he is and what he is doing."

GLASCO

Morris Kantor, in whose painting class at the Art Students League Glasco spent several months, recalls, "He wasn't like most of the painters. First of all, he only drew in class and he never took part in any of the horseplay that goes on. You could see that young as he looked and was, here was a dedicated artist. He was serious and he worked hard. His drawings were very sophisticated. Wonderful. He painted at night, apparently, and when he showed me one I was quite surprised. It was completely different from his drawing, but just as sophisticated. He's no primitive. Not for a minute. His work then had a very tender quality, though which I don't find in it today. They are almost too carefully worked over for me, these later things. I don't know what he is doing, but even so, he is always an interesting artist."

All who have known him—painters who were in the same class with him, the collector who first bought his paintings and drawings, the people closest to him—agree that he is like no other young artist in the way he thinks or in the way he paints.

And what about the paintings themselves? Going back over the work of the last five years, one notes a changing tempo in his work. In 1950 and 1951 he showed eight paintings and a large group of drawings. In 1952 the catalogue lists eleven colored chalks, eight colored inks and five paintings. In 1953, he showed no less than thirty paintings along with drawings and three pieces of sculpture he had done with the clay around Taos.

Not only has he been doing less drawing lately, but last year he worked almost exclusively on *Salome*, a large, meticulous canvas which in subject matter harks back to the figures which dominated his first show. The "landscape-heads" of the colored inks or *Blue Landscape* seem to have been forgotten in the perfect-finishing technique of *Salome*. Nor is he building up the surface to achieve the textural interplay in *Two Figures*, owned by the Museum of Modern Art. At this time, 1951, he seemed to be moving toward an integration of the wheels, circles and lines which had been part of the background of the picture into the actual shape of the figure itself. *Athlete in Landscape* (1951) seems to be the synthesis of figure and symbol.

Later he began to deal only with heads, grown now till they covered the entire canvas but constructed from these same wheels and stripes until only after prolonged looking does the usual viewer become aware of the "presence" within the painting.

Now in *Salome* the figures have stepped forth into a white clarity with a sharpness of outline and compactness of form which make

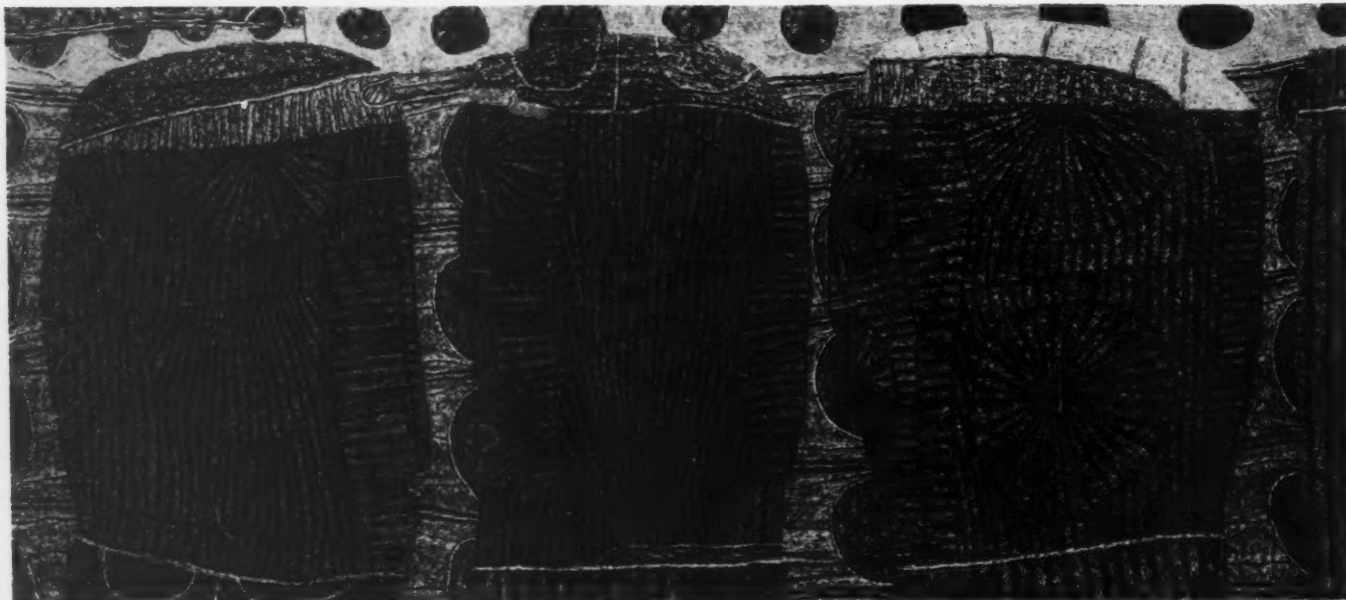
them more mannequins than myths. The mask quality of some of the early faces has now taken over the entire body so that all sense of flesh has been encased, and it is from the puppet stiffness of the gestures, the curious elation in the uptilted chin, that a sense of living is implied. For this, or some more tenuous reason, the feeling the painting can create is one of a halt, a summation of some kind.

Perhaps this is why it was not surprising to discover, on the last visit to his studio, that there were no canvases turned to the wall as before, but a room covered with a light showering of dust from plaster, and standing about on work tables, atop bookcases or on the floor, clay figures, armatures, a "doodle" flattened against the wall and fixed with a thumb tack. He unwrapped a dampened cloth from a small figure on the table, revealing a torso and head of a man which was so completely "right" that it left nothing to be said. The tiny head atop a swollen but beautifully modulated chest, the short arms, happily unaware of the hopelessness of one hand ever reaching across that chest to touch the other—every element of the figure was sound and yet alight with that innocent awareness which distinguishes all of Glasco's drawings and which made his earliest canvases so appealing.

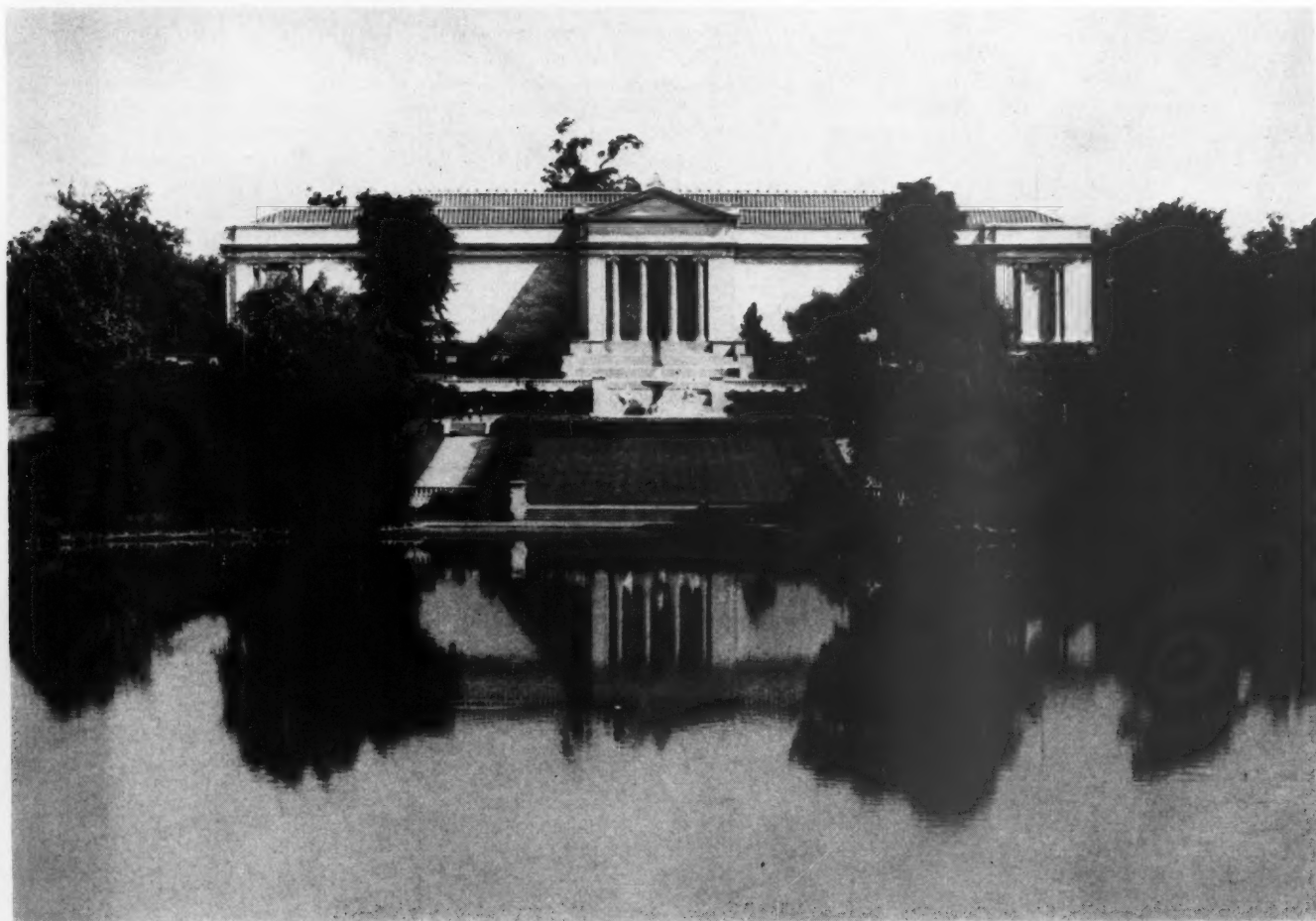
"This isn't the way it's going to look, of course," he said. "It'll be cast in bronze. They all will, I think. I can't say yet. There's one down at the gallery now that's in white plaster, and I think it looks too brittle. Maybe because plaster has no warmth or life in it."

The room in which he lives and works was filled with figures in one stage or another of completion and also with that quality of "excitement" which he has said "is the thing I hold dearest in my work." One piece after another, as he unwraps it, has a certainty and freshness, an originality of concept which promises to startle the art world anew with the unclassifiable quality of his vision, the extraordinarily singular world of his thought and work. Once again, there will be a strain of wonder in the comment about his astonishing technical maturity in a new field of creation. His drawings, most people feel, sprang into being fully grown. His painting, for all its primitive quality, was greeted as the work of an artist of "full blown original style." It is more than likely that these phrases will be used again when a complete showing of Glasco's sculpture goes on view in February. It would be hard to think of another young artist capable of producing, in a new medium, another vision of his own world which is unmistakably *his*; perhaps because it is a rare man, young or old, who is as certain as Glasco of who he is and where he stands within his world.

One of Glasco's paintings, Three Blue Heads, 1953 (from the collection of John Butler), below, illustrates the landscapelike quality of some of his figure paintings. After prolonged looking, one becomes aware of the presences within the painting.



THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART



THE Cleveland Museum of Art has just begun construction on a five-million-dollar wing which will vastly enlarge its building. Though the structure it occupies is already a distinctly impressive edifice, the Museum has found that an addition to the building is necessary to house expanding collections and accommodate expanding activities. The new wing is not only a needed improvement, but a symbol of Cleveland's increasing importance as an art center.

As a metropolis Cleveland is relatively young, its phenomenal growth having begun only toward the middle of the last century. Swelling from a town into a big city, it was a scene of almost frantic activity, but before the turn of the century the community already could find time to follow, cultivate and encourage the arts. And a number of citizens possessed the means to foster the arts with important public benefactions.

Within a few years of 1890, three men, John Huntington, Horace Kelley and Hinman B. Hurlbut, set up trust funds

The Cleveland Museum (above) commands a perspective of the Fine Arts Garden and of Wade Park beyond. Four acres of the park have been deeded to the Museum by the city to permit expansion. A new wing (see model, below) will nearly double exhibition space.



CLEVELAND

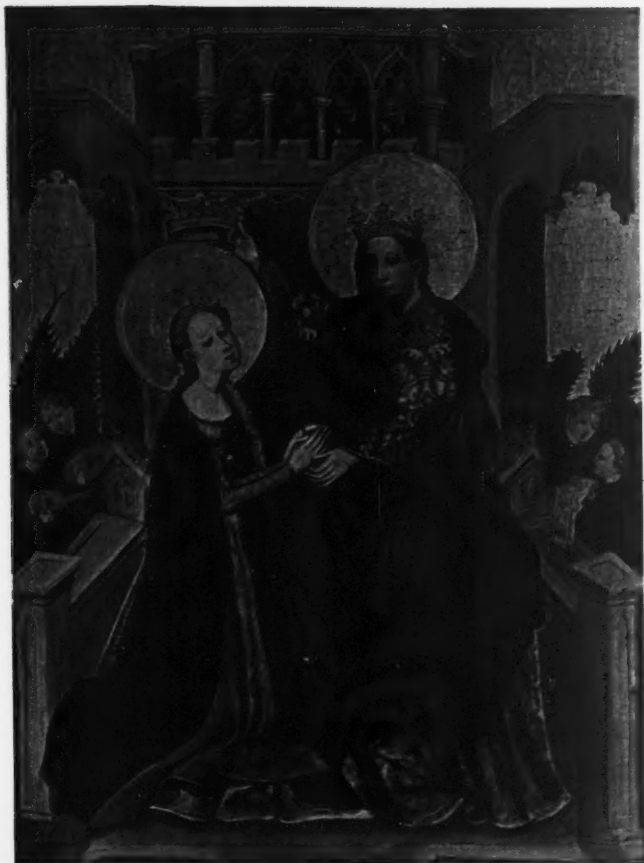
to endow a museum in Cleveland. They worked almost simultaneously but separately, each unaware of the others' intentions. The situation that resulted was complicated in the extreme. Civic leaders eager to see a museum rise within the city were suddenly faced with the possibility of three museums, each competing with the others, and each of doubtful viability. More than two decades were required to unravel the legal tangles, but the trusts were ultimately combined, and the Cleveland Museum of Art was formally incorporated on May 20, 1913.

Of course there was more than ample time for thorough planning of the building that was to house the Museum. The structure, completed in 1916, proved worthy of all the consideration that went into it. The building was erected on four acres of land donated by J. H. Wade, who also contributed a large fund to the Museum. The architects were the Cleveland firm of Hubbell and Benes. The building, of white Georgia marble in classical Grecian style, is three hundred feet long and one hundred and twenty feet wide. It includes foyers, a rotunda, twenty galleries, a garden court, auditorium, library, lecture rooms, studios and offices, as well as storage vaults and service quarters.

The Museum has a setting of remarkable beauty at the head of the Fine Arts Garden, a section of the Cleveland Municipal Parks System. Within the garden is the Court of Nature, of which the central feature is a fountain designed by Chester Beach and sculptured in white marble.

The Burning of the Houses of Parliament splendidly illustrates Turner's preoccupation with clouded light.
John L. Severance Collection





Marian art is represented at the Cleveland Museum in work by Conrad von Soest, a German contemporary of Fra Angelico. His *Coronation of the Virgin* (above) shows Mary assuming her final destiny; as she receives the crown from the hand of Christ she becomes Queen of Heaven and mediatrix between God and man.



The world-famous First Gertrudis Cross, from the medieval Guelph Treasure, is wrought in gold, with cloisonné enamel, filigree and precious stones.
J. H. Wade Collection



The Gertrudis Portable Altar, like the cross (above, right), is part of the Guelph Treasure. It was purchased for the Museum by the John Huntington Art and Polytechnic Trust.

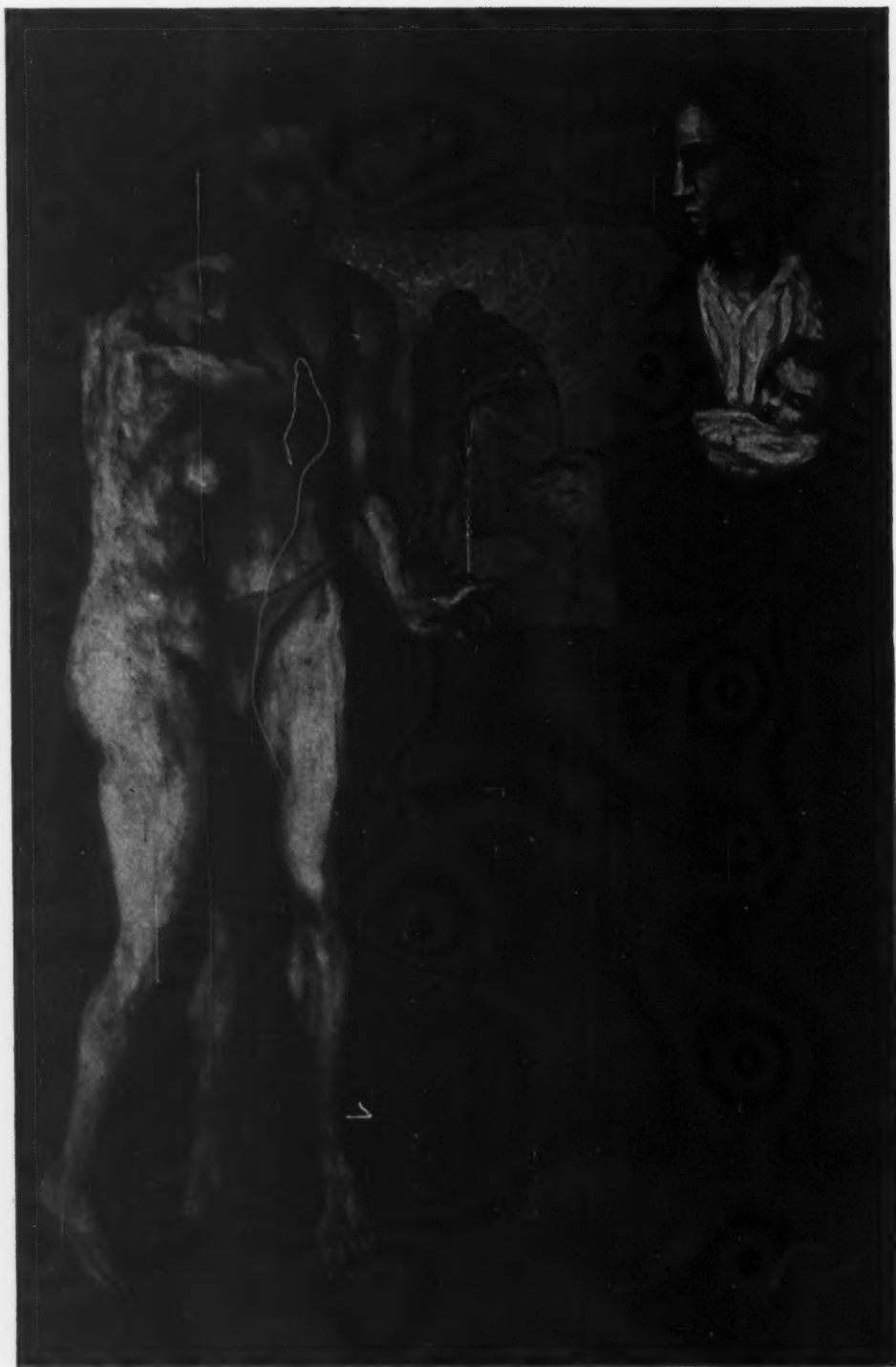
In forming its collections the institution has striven to represent all branches of art, past and present, as broadly as possible. To this end it has acquired primitive, ancient and classical pieces; art of various periods of Europe; of the Near and Far East; Pacific localities; Africa; and North, Central and South America. These periods and areas are represented in sculpture, painting and graphic processes; and the decorative arts are illustrated in furniture, tapestry, lace, pottery and jewelry.

Certain superlative items make the Museum world famous. Particularly notable are the nine objects from the Guelph Treasure of the Royal House of Brunswick, among them the Gertrudis Altar and Crosses dating back to about 1040. Filippino Lippi's *Holy Family* is its most famous painting, although the Museum has work by such masters as El Greco, Tintoretto, Andrea del Sarto, Rembrandt, Ingres, Goya, Gauguin, Renoir and Picasso. The French eighteenth-century furniture is also a noteworthy collection; it includes a bed by Georges Jacob which, according to verbal tradition, once belonged to Marie Antoinette.

The Cleveland Museum carries on a continuous program of art education through lectures, study courses (some for university credit), gallery talks and guidance, and classes in drawing and crafts. Special opportunities are open to children. The institution offers gallery instruction for school classes, plays, puppet shows, moving pictures, story

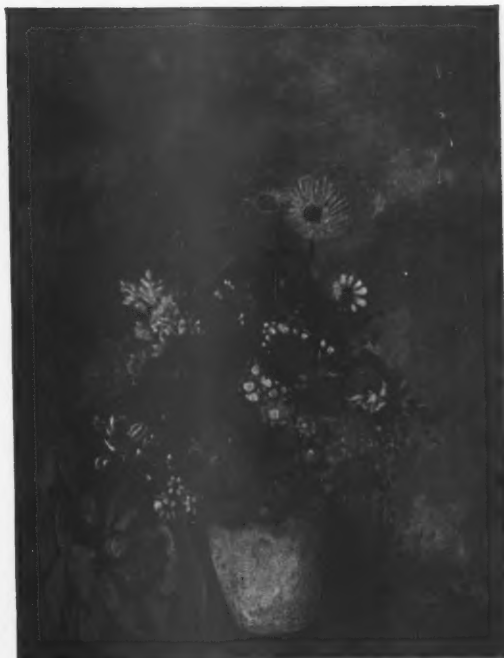
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CLEVELAND



*Of the twentieth-century paintings on display at Cleveland, the most striking is Picasso's allegory *La Vie* (gift of Hanna Fund), which dates from 1903. The large canvas—the figures are life-size—sums up the entire work of his "Blue Period." Just beginning his career, he knew what cold and hunger were like, and in the quarters where he lived, either in Barcelona or Paris, he felt himself surrounded by poor, broken derelicts. Seen as he perceived it in those years, life is grim indeed: man and woman stand defenseless before their fate, as generation succeeds generation. The pervasive blue used in the painting accords with the pathos of the subject. Picasso does not present a picture of totally unrelieved gloom, however. If life is an inexorable tragedy, there yet remain love, affection, compassion. In the background are "pictures within a picture" which enforce the themes of both suffering and consolation.*

Redon's Vase of Flowers (right, gift of Robert Holden Bole) mysteriously suggests delicacy and luxuriance at the same time. The clue to the strange aura about the work is to be found in Redon's intention in painting, to present "nature as seen in dream." The Cleveland Museum features Odilon Redon (1840-1916) as an artist who should be better known than he is, not only for his flower paintings, but for his almost visionary lithographs as well.



Under the Trees (left, gift of Hanna Fund) is a somewhat atypical work for Edouard Vuillard, the French painter who died in 1940. Known as an "Intimist," he concentrated his attention upon interiors, still lifes and flower studies—which he treated with a fine sense for the delicate nuance. He was expert at suggesting moods. In Under the Trees he has enveloped the little girl in the foreground with an almost Proustian air of loneliness and ennui.

CLEVELAND



The Egyptian Gallery gives prominent display to the head at right, a portrait in granite of Pharaoh Amenhotep III. Gift of Hanna Fund

Featured in the Classical Arts Department is this noble marble Kouros, executed by a Grecian artist of the sixth century B. C.



Cleveland is strong in its collections of the art of the Americas; see detail (left) of a painted mantle deriving from the Paracas Culture of Peru (gift of Mrs. R. Henry Norweb). Discussing pre-Columbian cultures, Mr. Milliken, Director of the Museum, writes that "the art lover is released into a new world of strange and rare beauty which has only come into a proper recognition within the past few decades. Only now, at this late date, are art museums realizing that the art of the Western Hemisphere can stand on its own feet."



Two airy cranes and two solid serpents make up this drum stand of lacquered wood coming down to us from the late Chou Dynasty of China (ca. 500 B. C.).
J. H. Wade Collection



Streams and Mountains without End is the poetic title of this Chinese hand scroll, the work of the twelfth-century artist Ch'i Shan Wu Chin. Gift of Hanna Fund

hours and juvenile exhibits. Music lovers fare well at the Museum. Chamber music and vocal programs are of frequent occurrence. The Museum is fortunate in having the endowed McMyler Memorial Organ on which recitals are given weekly or oftener.

In professional art circles the name of the Cleveland museum is associated perhaps most often with the annual "May Show," which furnishes a decided stimulus to artistic creation in America. Since its inception the show has brought the work of local artists and craftsmen before more than two million persons and is responsible for sales amounting to more than five hundred thousand dollars. In recent years the show has assumed a steadily increasing importance.

The Museum can claim a hearty attachment not only on the part of artists in Cleveland, but also on the part of the public at large. The point was nicely illustrated when plans were proposed for the new wing now under construction. The Hanna Fund spurred the project magnificently by offering two million dollars—provided that the gift be matched dollar for dollar by public subscription. The citizens of Cleveland responded quickly and well, and four million dollars was pledged before the first spade of earth was turned. With such support the Cleveland Museum of Art is assured of maintaining the pattern of achievement it has so firmly established.



Both Director of the Cleveland Museum of Art and Secretary of the Board of Trustees, William Mathewson Milliken is a very much decorated man. His services to the world of art have won him awards from Sweden, France, Hungary, Italy and Germany. He has amassed an imposing number of degrees as well—from Princeton, Western Reserve University, Oberlin College and Yale.

After graduating from Princeton he became Assistant Curator in the Department of Decorative Arts at New York's Metropolitan Museum, where he remained until the outbreak of the World War. During the conflict he served in England as a lieutenant in the Air Force. In 1919 he came to the Cleveland Museum and took the post of Curator of Decorative Arts, a position he has held continuously ever since, despite the increasing press of other duties. In 1925 he was named Curator of Paintings and five years later became Director.

BOOKS

G. B. TIEPOLO: HIS LIFE AND WORK, by Antonio Morassi, Phaidon Press, \$8.50.

INEVITABLY, an artist's early paintings are the last of his works to be identified. In the case of Giambattista Tiepolo, it was always assumed that his art sprang to full maturity from the first moment he picked up his brush. Because of Antonio Morassi's studies, published during the past twenty years, a number of Tiepolo's youthful, and less accomplished, paintings were recognized and finally generally accepted. Signor Morassi, the leading Tiepolo authority, has now published a handsome new monograph on the artist. This book, one of the latest additions to the Phaidon library, is a revision and translation of his volume from the Italian series, "*I grandi artisti italiani*." Morassi has reduced the text of the Italian version and eliminated all discussion of the documentary material which he will publish soon in a second volume containing a catalogue of Tiepolo's paintings. This second volume will be the more important section of the work to specialists; the first volume is addressed to a wider public, for it is the first comprehensive introduction to this Venetian artist written in English.

We still often think of eighteenth-century Venice in terms of clichés. Of all Europe's capitals, we remember Venice as the most decadent. It is the city of Casanova and of Goldoni's ribald comedies that first comes to mind, the Venice of converts less than holy, of carnivals, intrigue and corruption. This is the more conspicuous aspect of Venice and of the eighteenth century, but we tend to forget the other side, the classical, rationalist intellectual aspect of this period which is sometimes called "The Age of Reason." Our understanding of the art of Giambattista Tiepolo (1696-1770) has suffered from the same one-sided approach. This artist is usually dismissed as a mere decorator, attractive, but too frivolous to merit serious consideration. Even Berenson in his *Venetian Painters* could write of Tiepolo's aristocratic figures, thus summarizing his impression of the artist, that "they evidently feel themselves so superior that they are not pleasant to live with, although they carry themselves so well, and are dressed with such splendour, that once in a while it is a great pleasure to look at them. It was Tiepolo's vision of the world that was at fault, and his vision of the world was at fault only because the world itself was at fault." Today this characterization of Tiepolo seems inadequate. Venice may have reveled in masked balls, but the city also had learned academies; it had essayists, newspapers, and good, sober coffee-house conversation. And Tiepolo, the favorite painter of eighteenth-century Venice, had his more sober side too.

It is the apparent spontaneity of his art, however, which first impresses the spectator. Ideas and motifs flowed from his brush with dazzling variety and rapidity. His great decorative schemes, no matter how complex, never appeared labored; the ceilings with their airy vistas, their cool but sunny light and color, never fail to amaze and delight. Although absolute mastery of the most difficult sciences was necessary to achieve this fluency, we forget, as we do in watching first-rate theater, the amount of study and deliberate artifice which underlies the perfection of each gesture and pose. We forget to marvel at the expert foreshortenings, the skillful illusionism created by atmospheric

and linear perspective in our wonder at the final enchanting effect. Yet such science was as fundamental to Tiepolo's painting as the intricate counterpoint was to Bach's music or the brilliant engineering was to the fantasy of German rococo architecture.

The sense of reason and balanced structure underlying the froth of Tiepolo's poetical visions is strengthened further by his tendency towards the abstract in the organization of his compositions. In this respect his art recalls that of the sixteenth-century Venetians such as Veronese or Tintoretto. Drama in Tiepolo's paintings, as in theirs, depends far more on his organization of rhythm, light and color than on the expression, or even gestures, of individual figures. The angle of an angel's wing, the luminosity of a cloud, the silhouette of an arm appear to be selected and stationed almost as signposts to guide the eye through the maze of figures to the climax of the composition. In this complexity of levels of esthetic experience, Tiepolo's paintings appeal to modern taste as most of Tiepolo's contemporaries' do not. By comparison, for example, Boucher, his French rival, appears rather empty and insipid. In spite of his undeniable charm, Boucher's work lacks depth and complexity. His attractions are *purely* sensuous.

Morassi traces very clearly the path of Tiepolo's success from his earliest commissions in Venice to his final unhappy experience in a Spain already turning to neo-classicism. Regrettably, however, Morassi has written little concerning Tiepolo's relationship to the art of his contemporaries in Venice and elsewhere and less about the Venetian background of the period. Such information would be particularly helpful in a book introducing an artist for the first time to an audience of a different nationality. Morassi certainly understands his artist; in his interpretations of the paintings he suggests the many facets of Tiepolo's personality, but his analysis is not always quite as penetrating and refined as one could wish. His attempt to define Tiepolo's painting in terms of classic or baroque is completely confusing, for his language is often vague and imprecise—possibly partly the fault of translation. Too large a proportion of the text is spent in describing the paintings, an unnecessary procedure in view of the many fine detail photographs. In a brief text such as this, a concentrated, tightly written essay would have been more valuable. If the individual paintings had been brought into the discussion primarily as examples to illustrate his points, the essay would have been more illuminating and smoother, more interesting reading.

Although the text certainly provides a sound introduction to the artist, the excellent photogravure plates form the chief attraction of this first volume on Tiepolo. They are plentiful and generally well selected. The half-tone illustrations, however, are occasionally too small to be legible. Unlike the plates, they are interspersed among the pages of the text section so that the reader must keep markers in three places at once—a most distracting arrangement. Perhaps, too, more of the great religious paintings might have been illustrated. The one moving detail plate from the *Martyrdom of Saint Agatha* proves better than pages of argument that Tiepolo was not merely a decorator, but that he was capable of true spiritual and dramatic power.

BERNICE DAVIDSON

IDEA 55, edited by Gerd Hatje; George Wittenborn, Inc., \$8.50.

NEW FURNITURE, VOLUME III, edited by Gerd Hatje; George Wittenborn, Inc., \$8.50.

WITTENBORN Inc.'s tri-lingual surveys are making their third annual appearance, and they continue to show some of the superlative in design objects from fifteen countries—and much that is neither superlative nor current. There are 396 entries in *Idea 55*, 346 in *New Furniture*: truly a publishing *tour de force*, with batteries of editors, contributors and translators to be coordinated on several continents. The photography maintains a high level, most of it graphic and unobtrusive, though there are occasional lapses into irrelevant compositions, as in the case of a flotilla of identical oak cutting boards cruising up the page, and occasional instances of retouching which betray a commercial studio's greater interest in evoking an effect than in recording the realities of an object's shape and texture.

One wishes that Mr. Hatje would be more selective in this prodigious editing assignment. Nearly identical dishes or chairs by one designer recur two and three times, and it is surprising to come across Eliot Noyes' fine old IBM typewriter. A classic it is, to be sure, but no longer new—he designed it in 1948. A few prefatory remarks by the editor about the requirements for admission would be illuminating.

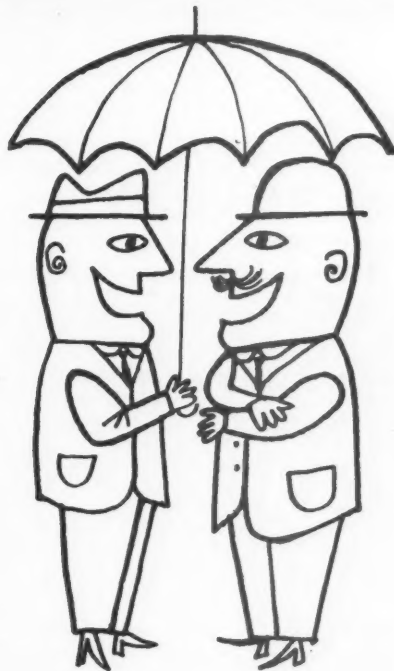
Idea 55, after some informal comments on design by Raymond Loewy, Russel Wright and Misha Black, starts off with dinnerware in porcelain, stone and plastic. Wright's plasticware is notable in this group, expressing his new material's unique moldability in a series of piquant twists and dips. So many of the dishes and glasses are simply clean and wholesome, content with being sharply turned as only a machine can do, that it is especially pleasant to encounter the objects with variegated textures—Goran Back's calico pitcher, Kaarina Aho's glazed and speckled egg dish, Alfred Müller's terra cotta vase, Masakichi Awashima's tumbler of pebbled glass.

Fabrics, and a splendid Loewy carpet, are included, and silverware—the tines of the fork are getting shorter, and many of the designs have a spoon-like depression below the tines for gathering up sauces, as in spaghetti eating. A long shadow is cast over Henry Dreyfuss' squared-off, puritan wash basin by the adjoining one, an angular porcelain exuberance by Gio Ponti, and below is his "water closet," which the press has already likened to the Winged Victory of Samothrace. Appliances, lamps and lighting fixtures round out *Idea 55*.

Steinberg draws a picture, George Nelson, Richard Neutra and Russell Lynes have a word, and *New Furniture* gets under way in its pictorial survey, first of stools, then chairs, tables, desks, cabinets, bookcases, divans and, finally, children's furniture. Of the chairs represented, Danish, Dutch and German designs are the most appealing, more consistently achieving elegance without affectation. Trim, rectilinear desks are a specialty particularly American; faster here than elsewhere the office is becoming a business lounge to complement the cocktail lounge, which holds, of course, to soft curves and diffused shapes. "An Office You Can Be At Home In," the ads are saying, but desks (more than their surroundings) stubbornly remain a lean, functional and distinctive furniture group.

Appended to both books is a comprehensive bibliography of design literature, compiled by Bernard Karpel, librarian at the Museum of Modern Art.

HUGH B. JOHNSTON



under one roof . . .

A one-minute sketch in which the Messrs. Q. and A. examine the printing facilities of W. N. U.

- Q.** What's this "Under One Roof" slogan you're so proud of over at Western Newspaper Union, A?
- A.** Did you ever try to get a booklet printed in three different shops at the same time?
- Q.** I'll ask the questions—what's the advantage of the single roof business?
- A.** Saves running around. We take your job from mss. and herd it right through to delivery, all in our own plant—set type, make engravings and electros, print and bind. That way you don't have to pick up type from one shop, cuts from another and send the printed pages to Waythehellandgone, N. J., to have the job bound.
- Q.** Sounds reasonable—but how's the quality in these different departments?
- A.** Well, we print ARTS, the very magazine you're holding in your hand. And they're pretty fussy about typography, reproduction and printing quality, you know. Art stuff in particular demands fine printing every step of the way.
- Q.** Hmmm. And I suppose all this is at low prices?
- A.** We get most of our jobs on competitive bids. We believe in quality at a fair price, not at a high price.
- Q.** No job too big, no job too small, etc.?
- A.** The words from my mouth. We do a lot of quality magazines, and also handle stationery, with occasionally a few million postal receipt forms from the U.S. Govt. And you know how exacting the Govt. is.
- Q.** And how does one get in touch with this paragon of printing virtue?
- A.** Pick up the phone, dial MU 9-4700 and ask for Al Ramsay. Or drop us a line at the address below. We open all our own mail, too.
- Q.** —Your witness, Mr. D. A.

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MONTH IN REVIEW

Willem de Kooning shows recent painting in "Woman" series . . . Modern sculpture "From Rodin to Lipchitz" includes many great figures of the period . . . Recent watercolors from Ireland by Morris Graves . . .

BY LEO STEINBERG

IN THE spring of 1953 Willem de Kooning shocked the New York art world with six enormous paintings at the Janis Gallery "on the theme of Woman." The present works at Martha Jackson's (November 7-December 3), most of them done last year, are still devoted to that theme. How do they look now that we've caught our breath?

Two years ago a famous critic saw in them a "distortion of the figure to function in the overall design rather than to function in human appeal." This cannot stand, for De Kooning's name is not Matisse, and he is making no designs.

His *Woman* is distorted? Distorted from what norm?

She is no more distorted than a lightning bolt is a distorted arrow, or a rainstorm a distorted shower bath. She is a first emergence, unstepped from a tangle of desire and fear, with some millenia of civilizing evolution still ahead of her.

Before this *Woman* can be educated into femininity men must first overcome the Amazons, make the world safe for patriarchy, repress their ancient myths, achieve an intellectual detachment from experience, observe the female form with a disinterest that is cool and unafraid, and, after ages of unruffled study in a stable world, produce the measured data of anatomy. De Kooning's *Woman* has a long way to go before she can become an Aphrodite of Praxiteles.

Does that mean that, in the words of the critic, she lacks "human appeal"? Not in the least. In fact she is disastrously erotic in some remote, paleolithic way. Like the Venuses of Willendorf and Mentone she is all vulgar warmth and amplitude; like them she stands huge, stupid, and receptive, without arms or feet, innocent of that acquired grace which is bred into the girls we think we know. Grace may be woman's second nature, but De Kooning is not concerned with nature once removed. His *Woman* is at once more old and young than the beauty whose appeal is to our waking taste. She is the fluid, touch-determined image of the newly-born; the remembered flesh that yielded at all points to the lover; the succubus that lies too heavy on the drifting consciousness of sleep. She is shameless and innocent, as yet too female to be feminine, part witch, part farmer's daughter, part mother and part whore; a power too comprehensive and immediate to be wisely watched and rendered with controlling skill.

Some have seen hatred or the caricature's gibe in this De Kooning apparition. I have been told that she looks ugly. I am unable to see ugliness or hate in these marvelous paintings. To me they suggest, on the contrary, a fierce generosity. For the capacity to love only the prettiest chorus girl in the line bespeaks a finical emotion, one so narrow and so niggardly, there is in it as much of lacklove as of love. It takes a manly heart, like that of Rubens if you like, to stake the bounds of lovability more wide, and to love Helen Fourment for all her puckered, sag-flesh knees.

Perhaps this is the Netherlander in De Kooning (who came to this country at the age of twenty-one). For the Dutch painters alone had the stomach to love real things, to accept men and women without idealizing, Platonizing, and Italianizing them.

It is an interesting question how De Kooning's *Woman* relates to the abstractions that have made him a leading exponent of New York's *avant-garde* almost since his first one-man show in 1948. Two years ago it seemed to some that his "return" to the figure marked a retreat from more advanced positions, or a change of heart. Perhaps it is too early to argue the point on the strength of this limited display; the big, authoritative showing of his work is not due at the Janis Gallery until next spring.

Yet it seems to me that already the logic and grand rhythm of his growth become apparent. I would point to his *Pink Woman* of 1943, an early work as De Kooning goes, which despite some cubist dislocation in the body and some elegant speed-writing in the drawing of the face, still belongs to the peaceable kingdom of pre-World War II. The figure here is still a solid, placed in, or against, a vacant and inactive space. She is held together still by a sentimental and a plastic integrity. And she remains an impediment to the free flow of energy through the pictorial space. From her to the De Kooning *Woman* of the 1950's there was no direct transition. Her solid contours had first to be dismembered, blasted and atomized; and the upshot was to be a violent discharge of subhuman, even suborganic, energies.

Accordingly, by the late 1940's De Kooning's *Paintings* had shed every trace of the familiar image. His new subject matter dealt with the vicissitudes of pure mobility, abstracted from the things that move as numbers are abstracted from the things we count.

Much of the power of those abstract paintings derived from the compelling force with which his forms sped through a hindering medium, not merely gliding across unresisting canvas. The artist's method of constant revision and adjustment—but with each correcting stroke applied at the same blinding speed—built up his ground in deposits of stratified color, deep as the shimmer of mother of pearl, and suggesting, between lines of stress, the sudden baring of a split-second geology.

We saw not things here but events—a darting, glancing, evading, overlapping and colliding; a grammar of forms where all nouns were held in abeyance; systems of turbulence whose rate of motion was so flickering fast that the concretion of a "thing" became unthinkable.

And yet it has occurred—as the foetus occurs in the swarming of massed cells. The agitated worlds of De Kooning's abstract canvases were scenes of germination. And within these worlds—the fastest and most urgent ever put on canvas—De Kooning has described a familiar shape, a form that even Adam would have recognized as from an ancient knowledge.

An event of some importance is the show "From Rodin to Lipchitz" at the Fine Arts Associates (October 28-November 30), for the gallery offers to fill the vacancy left by Curt Valentin's death. Valentin had been a special friend to sculpture, and almost alone in regularly showing Europe's modern classics—sculptors like Rodin, Despiau, Barlach, Kolbe, Marcks, Sintenis, Laurens and Lipchitz, to say nothing of part-timers like Degas, Modigliani, Braque, Picasso and Matisse. All these



Willem de Kooning: PINK WOMAN, oil on board, 1943. At the Martha Jackson Gallery.



Willem de Kooning: WOMAN-GREEN, oil on canvas, 1954-55. At the Martha Jackson Gallery.

and more are represented at the gallery's first sculpture exhibition.

Most of the works have a friendly, tranquil and familiar look. And they are all of manageable size, offering themselves seductively to the city-dwelling collector who inhabits less than a mansion and who finds the price of \$20,000 for a small painting of the School of Paris inconvenient. Even Rodin's Burguers of Calais turn up here as eighteen-inch statuettes. These careful studies have been rarely seen, very few casts existing. In this unexpected diminution they more frankly confess their ancestry in the little alabaster mourners that circumambulate the tombs of the Burgundian Dukes at Dijon. And being so delicately scaled, they almost make you want to play with them—a childish urge which you could rationalize by pretending to seek an improved grouping.

There is of course no stylistic unity in this show. The sort of affinity that rules between, say, Degas and Rodin vanishes in the individualisms that succeed. Sculpture before the recent institution of openwork metal welding enjoyed a spell of unprecedented freedom and divided purpose, such as we may not have again for a long time. The result is *hors d'œuvres variés*, a most pleasant diversity. Maillol is here, pagan as ever with his bland, apple-visaged generalizations; Barlach with his mediaeval German peasant soul; Fazzini with a sleek-limbed, manneristic coil of a nude; Picasso with one of his splendid owls; Kolbe, whose late work under Hitler only served to show how flaccid his forms had been even at their best; and Lipchitz in his cubist phase (but isn't it perverse to model clay into angular chunks? It's not, I think, what clay wants to become).



Sculpture "From Rodin to Lipchitz": above, detail from Rodin's **BURGHERS OF CALAIS**, ca. 1900; below, the complete work; right, Picasso's **OWL**. At Fine Arts Associates



A name that was new to me was Mataré, a German animal sculptor now in his eighties, rarely shown hitherto. The two pieces on display are cubist variations on the theme of a resting cow. Charming they are, and unpretentious, but they recall Van Doesburg's "Aesthetic Transformation of the Object," which began with a moo-cow and led, through four successive stages of privation, to another sample of *de Stijl*. And as Van Doesburg's "Transformation" came to rest in a linoleum design, so Mataré's cubist reduction ends up as a paper weight.

And so one comes back to the masterworks—the Degas dancers, with their confident, centrifugal command of space; and the Rodins, the bronze flesh clinging for dear life about its core as matter tends to dissolution.

Strange, how with each passing year, Rodin comes to seem more prophetic of contemporary art. Or are we moved merely by an upstart's wish to dignify our pedigree?

There is little to say of Morris Graves' watercolors at the Willard Gallery (November 1-26); they are, I think, a thin slice of the artist's talent. This series includes *Winter Flowers*, hibernating animals, some humorous brush drawings like *Irish Mouse*, and other fauna of Ireland, where the artist is now living.

In his best earlier work—such as the *Little Bird of the Inner Eye*—one felt his creatures breathing in their own environment, not in the glare of human observation. In these latest studies it is precisely the environment that disappoints. It is merely paper tastefully aged and patina'd, a contrived ambience that wants to look mysterious and evocative.

We shall have a better chance to appreciate Graves' shy communications at his retrospective scheduled for next spring at the Whitney Museum.



MARGARET BREUNING WRITES

The Downtown Gallery marks 30th Anniversary . . . Cubism Revisited . . . Lamar Dodd's Venetian work . . . Sculpture by Russin . . . Revington Arthur's new paintings . . .

In the rather grim climate of the present-day world—its barometer set continuously at "low" because of violent revolutionary debacles and catastrophic hurricanes and floods—events providing both serenity and stimulating enjoyment are welcome indeed. Such an occasion was the recent annual exhibition of the Downtown Gallery which marked its thirtieth anniversary. The founder of the gallery, Edith Halpert, dedicated her efforts to American art at a time when French art seemed to be in the ascendant, at a time of little enthusiasm or support for the American artist. The succeeding years were marked by two World Wars, with an economic depression wedged between them—not healthy soil for a new venture. Despite the adverse circumstances, the gallery continued to flourish, its artists staunchly absorbed in developing their creative powers. The artists of the present exhibition have been associated with the gallery for at least twenty-five years; about half their number were represented in its opening exhibition. They have not only attained a prominent place in American art, but also an international one through exhibitions both here and abroad. It would be difficult not to share Mrs. Halpert's pride in their achievement.

Five artists on the gallery roster present new works in marked divergence of technique and esthetic approach. Stuart Davis' canvas *Caprice*, a bold arabesque of intricately related curves and angles, is resolved into a synthesis of wayward movements through controlled design. Ben Shahn's tempera, *Dream*, does not strike his usually mordant note, but reveals a poetic fantasy brilliantly executed. Georgia O'Keeffe's long, horizontal canvases—their uniformly colored backgrounds broken only by small, black doors—emphasize her ineluctable magic of evoking mystery with subtle economy of means. Charles Sheeler's *The Web* is a congeries of towering industrial forms enhanced by glamorous patterns of light and color. Two small sculptures in different media, by William Zorach, communicate an impression of monumentality through their slow, massive tempos. Framed by fluent contours, the rhythmic undulations of their surfaces form a melodious phrasing.

Sidney Janis may be turning the hands of the clock backward by an exhibition of cubist art (to November 25), or he may be advancing them to meet an increasing interest in the movement. The influence of cubism is felt today in all the architectural and industrial arts, its widened scope due to the clearing of devitalized conventions from painting. The protean Picasso here shows a sublimated still life, an early flat-patterned design, in which the rising planes utilize the canvas itself as background. The objectivity of its detail is arrested by the incidence of a heavy, black, vertical plane and the capricious over-spreading decoration behind them. Gleizes, who defined cubism from a painter's viewpoint, in terms far removed from the poetic rhapsodies of Apollinaire, is represented by a figure piece so bristling with artistic incident

that it seems to illustrate all his theories. A still life by Metzinger, in its overlapping background planes, its lettering and grained wood, strongly suggests Braque; in it Metzinger inserts a column of appreciably solid forms that explain his appellation of "cuborealist." A canvas by Fernand Léger marks the moment of his first absorption with mechanistic forms, their dynamic movements enhanced by brilliant colors. A striking example of pure painting is Karl Schwitters' arrangement of large, precisely defined forms juxtaposed with gleaming black ones, the suggestion of a faint portrait incised on one of them. It is no more strange to come upon the highly colored cubistic canvases of Klee than upon the solid portrait head in bronze by Giacometti, a contrast to his familiar attenuated silhouettes.

The enchantment of Venice has evoked a striking pictorial wealth in Lamar Dodd's recent paintings (Grand Central Moderns, to November 17). For if "The Glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" is in the past tense, the magic of Venice still persists. A penetrating and contemplative vision has revealed to this artist qualities of the Venetian scene which, if noticed by previous painters, have not been put on record. Assimilating the data of sensitive observation, he has assembled them in a compelling personal idiom of design. A work such as *Venetian Towers* reveals an ability to sustain unified articulation on a large canvas. The painting is built up of a complexity of forms, sharp impingements of architectural detail.

continued on page 65

*Giacometti: PORTRAIT OF DIEGO, 1954.
At Sidney Janis Gallery*



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IN THE GALLERIES . . .

ROD ABRAHAMSON

There is a quality of sheer whimsy in the paintings of this American, who lives and works in Paris, which cannot fail to delight the imagination. Tiny figures painted with a miniaturist's skill are silhouetted against lightly dappled grounds or fancifully indicated settings, or little scenes such as *Railroad Bridge* become views of an enhanced world through the delicacy and naivete of the rendering. (Parma, Oct. 3-29.)—M.S.

ROMARE BEARDEN

Watercolors as a whole are more satisfying than oils by Romare Bearden. Using bold colors, he works in an abstract-expressionistic style occasionally becoming too loose to attain unity. More clearly defined, an oil entitled *John at Patmos* is a well coordinated symphony of reds, pinks and oranges and representative of the best of this artist's work. (Barone, to Nov. 26.)—C.L.F.

ISABEL BISHOP

In her first show since 1949, Isabel Bishop exhibits paintings of mundane subjects over which a veil of enchantment has been cast through the magic of the artist's delicate brushwork. In each painting, the result of numerous studies and many months of work, she begins with sharp characterization of feature and pose and the specific detail which establishes locale, and then proceeds to work away from this toward generalization and depersonalization until she achieves a result which combines the most concrete realism with a timelessness, a hazy luminosity which makes the canvas live and move and change as it is observed. (Midtown, Oct. 25-Nov. 19.)—M.S.

ARBIT BLATAS

Not always consistent in his style, Arbit Blatas is at his best when working on a larger scale in brighter colors. Of his impressionistic rendering of landscapes and interiors, the latter are the stronger compositions. It is usually in his landscapes that colors become muddled and forms indistinct, while in most of his interiors with figures the technique is vigorous and the color vital. (AAA, to Nov. 12.)—C.L.F.

STANLEY BOXER

In these over-worked and frequently monotonous large paintings in the neo-impressionist and neo-pointillist manner, with the added twentieth-century twist of the absent figure (or so hidden by the impress of color as to be forcefully retired), Boxer has come to a sudden, clamorous stop. His problem is whether color alone can carry a painting, as in his impressionistic *The Bathers*, or *Figs with Child* (like Monet). In the smaller pictures, as *White Still Life*, he is easier, and the paint works well within the limits to a quieter, less ambitious beauty. (Perdalma, Oct. 22-Nov. 11.)—B.G.

BENNETT BRADBURY

Nineteen new oils by the California marine painter, Bennett Bradbury, in his third one-man exhibition at this gallery emphasize the contrast of texture and mass of stone, sea and air. Heavy slabs of rock, built by thin palette knife strokes, thrust diagonally into the rush of pre-storm foam, rendered by white paint loosely brushed across the canvas. (Grand Central, Nov. 8-19.)—B.B.

DANIEL BRUSTLEIN

The paintings from the artist's last four years of living and traveling in Europe are an index to his interests (people and places) and of changes in his manner of seeing and painting. The earliest canvases in the show are concerned with the geometry of architecture—city streets and docks. The portraits are keys to the personality of the subjects with less emphasis on the demands of a painting than is shown in the later presentation of the red-headed young woman who is dealt with on equal terms with the rest of the composition. Since his return to this country he has done several striking landscapes of New Jersey; his color is bolder and he seems to be freeing himself from more traditional concepts of form. (Stable, Oct. 17-Nov. 5.)—L.G.

CALDERARA AND CODAGNONE

Calderara's tiny still lifes, landscapes and figures are almost miniatures in size, yet each painting is so carefully scaled and the product of a vision so concentrated that they have the impact of much larger works. These lovingly labored little panels are endowed with solidity and strength and tranquility resulting from a refined painterly ability restricted to a limited scope. More impassioned and freely brushed, Codagnone's views of Paris have a remote kinship with Soutine in the precipitous upheavals and abrupt convergences, but he is at his best in the small studies of figures, such as *Il Figurante* and *Masqueraders*, which combine a romantic tenderness with sharpness of characterization. (Schettini, Oct. 17-29.)—M.S.

CONTEMPORARIES GROUP

Having built up a roster of some of the best graphic artists in this country and acquired works by some of the finest in Europe, the Contemporaries opened its new quarters with an impressive showing of prints in all media, drawings, and a number of fine pieces of sculpture—especially those of Noguchi and Seymour Lipton. For all the beauty of its new surroundings, the Contemporaries feels like the same lively and welcoming place it was in the smaller quarters. (Contemporaries, Oct. 10-31.)—L.G.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN INDIAN PAINTING

The twenty-five American Indians whose work is brought together in this exhibition find more of a common bond in subject matter than in style, for they all draw on tribal heritage and legendary or remembered scenes from Indian life for their themes, while evolving individual modes of expression. These are not primitive artists; all have had some art training and most are accomplished painters working in a variety of sophisticated styles. A tendency toward flat opaque areas of paint and linear patterns prevails, relating the generally narrative paintings to Indian pictographs and mural art. Among the more outstanding examples here are the elegant designs of Tom Two Arrows, in which every detail has its symbolic significance, Pablita Velaide's elaborate figure compositions with an Asiatic flavor. Chief Blue Eagle's striking hunting scenes, and the more abstract works of Richard West whose *Fast War Dance* is effectively treated in a futurist manner. (Graham, Oct. 15-Nov. 15.)—M.S.

RALSTON CRAWFORD

Having spent a year in Paris making lithographs in close contact with the printers of Paris for whom he has the highest praise, Crawford now exhibits black and white (and one colored) lithographs. His work with its strongly defined lines and squared-off, direct shapings shows a meticulous striving toward clarity and toward a purity in the medium. Technically brilliant, the lithographs have a simplicity which directs one's interest toward the medium, rather than toward the artist's concept of the design. That is, these excellently executed lithographs illustrate techniques, rather than ideas of art. (Weyhe, Oct. 15-Nov. 10.)—B.G.

ENRICO DONATI

One of the handsomer canvases in the show is still more of a collage of textures than a painting, but one can hardly miss with such velvet blacks, rich browns and vivid whites, and here they are dramatized by his use of the fuzzy, growth-like substance which has been his trademark. "Handsome" as this style is, it cannot hold its own against the painting *Toledano*. This, and a small blue canvas, shows signs that Donati is developing enough confidence in his hand and eye to abandon the theatrical black-moss and continue solving his problems with paint. (Parsons, Oct. 17-Nov. 5.)—L.G.

GIANNI DOVA

This young Roman showing for the first time in America won the first prize for Europeans at the Congress for Cultural Freedom show in Rome

this year. He belongs to what is effervescently called the "nuclear school," mostly centered in Milan. Taking the atomic bomb and its radiations as a point of departure, viewing the world today as a nuclear phenomenon, Dova has arrived at an activist, biologicistic framework which certainly corresponds, without agreeing in ideology, to the action school of painting in America. Using duco and oil, his work, however, separates itself from the Americans by not appearing automatic, but pre-conceived and finished within his "nuclear" terms, however romantically evoked. The color is pure and free, never arbitrary, and if the "finish" seems somewhat too contrived and the vision a bit adolescent (and certainly subject to change), Dova has more personality and more unexplored areas than many of his contemporaries. (Schettini, Oct. 31-Nov. 12.)—B.G.

ARTHUR DOVE

The gallery is presenting this curious collection of Dove's collages with a few early American collages in the belief that Dove was perhaps prompted by interest in these antique objects. Only a few of them—those in which metallic paint has been applied over cleverly wrinkled gauze to form silhouettes of birds or landscape—have much to do with his paintings. The rest offer sidelights on his personality, his sense of humor and the basic simplicity of his attitudes toward the world: the Five and Ten, the Long Island Rail Road; the personality of Alfred Stieglitz. The materials he chose to work with seem more related to dada than to the French collages of the time—newspaper cut-outs, sea shells and sand, feathers and mirrors—but his motive was never anti-esthetic. (Downtown, Nov. 1-26.)—L.G.

LESTER ELLIOT

The large oils in this first one-man show are impressive chiefly for the glowing, jewel-like tones and the insistent vigor of execution; however, a firmness of direction and clarification of aims are yet to be established. Shaggy strokes, running generally along vertical lines, do not as yet form a coherent whole, although a certain spatial ambience and ruggedness of paint quality make this more than just promising work. (Artists, Nov. 5-17.)—M.S.

FANTUZZI AND CAGLI

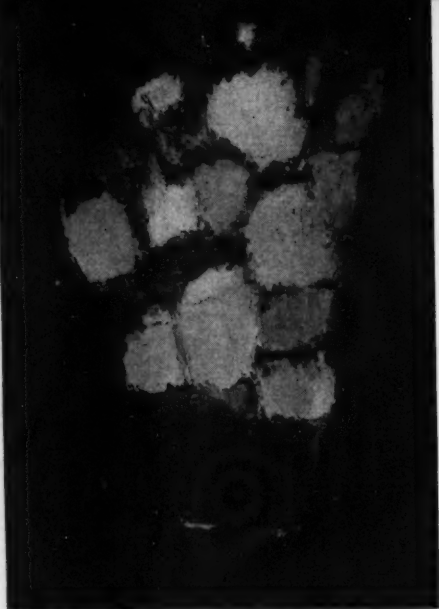
A neatly squared patchwork of colors, with violets, oranges and emerald greens predominating, forms the basis for Fantuzzi's paintings of peasants and fishermen at work, with figures and settings merging into an overall pattern of shifting color and light. Cagli achieves an antique appearance in his classical heads overgrown with foliage in colors of old bronze with textures etched into the paint, and even his non-figurative paintings have the air of having been dug up out of a remote past to adorn the present. (Schettini, Nov. 14-26.)—M.S.

MILES FORST

The peregrinations of this painter between labyrinthian abstractions and boldly delineated figures are climaxed by a mammoth painting (8' x 10'), gouache on paper, in which the figures kneel in a vague ceremony. There are beautiful passages of painting and the artist has achieved a bigness of form appropriate to the scale of the work. The three slender panels which are studies of nudes are, to this reviewer, the most interesting in the show, particularly the most recent one of two nudes which is freer and less static and which attains a synthesis between the figurative subject matter and the fluidity of the abstract expressionist style. Although the show is marked by constant transition, by a restless searching and experimentation, a general tone is provided by the impetuous vigor of execution. (Hansa, Nov. 14-Dec. 3.)—M.S.

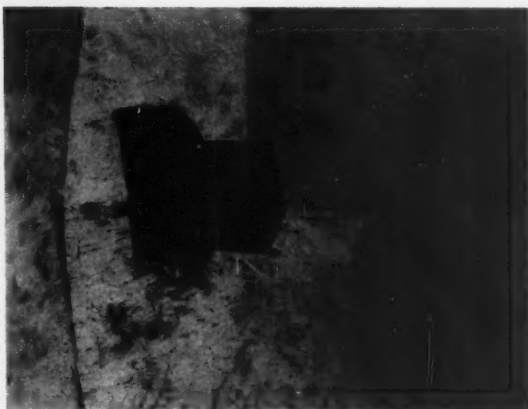
SEYMOUR FRANKS

He sends strokes of overlapping color tumbling over one another in clean, clear areas of white. Each of these broad bands has nuances and textures of its own, and their concerted effect is that of a dance of color on a white backdrop. In the more "crowded" compositions this motion is arrested at times, and your eye is allowed to



Left: WHITE AND RED FLOWERS IN GRAY VASE by Nicolas de Stael. This important loan exhibition of paintings by the late French painter, who died by his own hand last spring, underscores the tragedy of his loss to the world of art. Included are twenty-four paintings in the bold and coloristic style the artist had made his own. (Paul Rosenberg, October 31-November 26.)—H.K.

Right: COMPOSITION by Serge Poliakoff. Flat simple shapes, almost like cutouts, are arranged in large abstract compositions which seem to refer remotely to landscape, still life and figure while remaining essentially harmoniously designs of form and color. It is the handling of paint, the nuances of texture and the flickering underpainting which gives sustaining interest to the stark two-dimensional paintings with their carefully deliberated distribution of color. The most poetic and least rigid of these canvases are two variations on a theme suggestive of the sea in shades of blue, green and grey. (Knoedler, Oct. 10-29.)—M.S.



Below: RED POPPIES by Ben-Zion. This oversize still life with a cascade of giant blooms is characteristic of the sweeping scope and bravura of the artist's work. In the paintings of squat, solid figures, fluent drawing plays an important role in bringing animation and sharpness of focus to the bold simple forms. The subjects range from huge squarish bulls, dwarfing trees and barns, to the voluptuousness and flamboyant color of Tamar and ceremonial tradition in the richly ornamented Jew with Torah. (Duveen-Graham, Nov. 7-26.)—M.S.



Below: DIPLOMATS AT LE BOURGET by Robert Andrew Parker. This exhibition of watercolors offers a further demonstration of the unusual gifts of a young artist whose subtle powers of observation and unique vocabulary have already gained recognition. The acid commentary on the early thirties in a series of portly homburged gentlemen disembarking from flimsy crackerbox airplanes, is eloquent in its understatement and comprehensive summing up of an era. The disarming simplicity and utterly devastating accuracy of his faint incisive line is used here in combination with blurred areas of color to depict a variety of subjects from pink nudes to hulking ships of war, a stocky statue of Joan of Arc, and Mozart, a puff of powdery white against velvet black, all seen with the same peculiarly slanted insight which penetrates to the innermost core while seemingly rendering externals. (RoKo, Oct. 3-30.)—M.S.



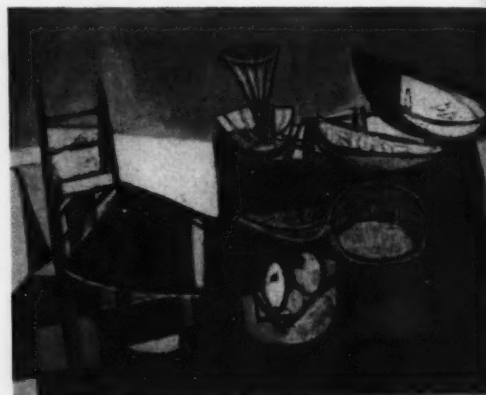
Left: GIRL IN FRONT OF A MIRROR by Max Beckmann. The emphasis in this exhibition is on the artist's less picaresque paintings, upon landscapes and portraits, those pictures, in short, that identify Beckmann's technique without overwhelming us with his personality. And it is certainly well chosen. This heavy, thudding, thick-limbed, realistic universe of the body, the gesture, the familiar and touchable, like sculpture is planted in front of you. And, instead of a recoil toward that wide, black line, the over-populated and over-reaching world of cinema studios and huge, black cigars, one recognizes at last that his Dancer, his Girl in Front of a Mirror and the even timorous landscapes were also part of his career, and one which now we can select and prefer. (Yiviano, November 1-26.)—B.G.



Above: INTERLAKEN FROM ABOVE by Paul Klee. Granting that even a scrap of paper on which he has drawn directions to his house would be more interesting than most men's drawings, there is a limit to the number of important Klees still floating around in the international waters. Still, the quantity of watercolors, drawings and gouaches on loan to this exhibition makes this a tidy sampling of his stimulating inventiveness, the hints which have since become full-fledged trends in painting. The drawing Interlaken from Above (1909) is an always welcome reminder that few men ever touched a landscape with a lighter or surer pen. (Saidenberg, Oct. 10-Nov. 29.)—L.G.



Left: FISH BOWL AND FIGURES AT WINDOW by Joyce Weistein. The first shock of these large, ripe and burgeoning Renoiresque paintings is an authentic one. Somehow the artist brings off the size of her pictures and her neo-mannerisms. She conceals a toughness amid the rose madders which is personal and not altogether borrowed from Renoir. For a change, here is someone who works better in the grand. Also, the elusive and unformulated shapes which turn into abstractions show off a craftsmanship which does not stop short at the unconscious or the pictorial. Once she begins to travel on her own with a muter assistance from nineteenth century overtones, she should produce excellent work. (Perdalma, Nov. 12-Dec. 2.)—B.G.



Above: THE BLUE CHAIR by Jo Anne Schneider. Even in the still lifes which are vignettted within the square, Miss Schneider shows an unusually intelligent and individual handling of her material. But the last three or four paintings show that she is conquering the all-important problem of treating the canvas as a whole. (Heller, Nov. 15-26.)—L.G.



Left: APPLE BRANCH by Dorothy Andrews. This vivid and audaciously colored oil, executed in brilliant reds, greens, and yellows, is joined by two others in the exhibition, SUNFLOWERS and BACKYARD, TAOS, to establish a remarkable level of lyric intensity. Other motifs—Maine landscapes and snow scenes—show a more generalized feeling and a more abstract design. They all have engaging qualities but do not equal the above named, in which the vigor of the execution has met, head-on, the visual excitement of the subjects. (Passedoit, Oct. 17-Nov. 5.)—H.K.

RALPH

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Nov. 15-Dec. 12

ALVA

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GERTRUDE paintings

GREENE

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IN THE GALLERIES . . .

linger here and there within the canvas. In others the strokes carry your eye out of the canvas so fast you scarcely have time to note elements of beauty. (Peridot, Oct. 31-Nov. 19.)—L.G.

FRENCH ACQUISITIONS

This is a handsome exhibition, and in several cases it allows us a preview of changes that are occurring in the styles of several contemporary French painters. Soulages, after his first triumphant opening here, in his second show began to exhibit tendencies toward a formula which did not stand up to the originality of its promise and had begun to drift to forceful, yet meaningless shapes. Now he is turning back on himself, going deeper down to produce the riches which were already there; he does not appear to be so conscious of his public, but of the tradition of French painting which is his endowment. Mathieu seems to realize that a flat, tasteful, expensive background for his medieval exploitations is finally not enough, and the background, itself, is taking on more importance, becoming actually a separate entity which may finally impose itself on the foreground. Dubuffet, while using the same shapes, is changing colors; they are becoming more lively and more positive. Pierre Schneider is represented by a brilliant picture, perhaps the best in the show of his contemporaries. Finally, there is an early Picasso, two Metzingers in a little seen and exquisite pointillist manner. (Kootz, Oct. 10-Nov. 5.)—B.G.

GERTRUDE GREENE

Making frequent use of the palette knife to spread on broad irregular streaks of paint, Gertrude Greene paints expanses of nature which are imbued with poetic feeling while remaining forthright in the slashing execution. The interpretation of the mood these canvases are intended to evoke must necessarily be a personal one, since the artist always generalizes rather than specifies in her painting; *Romantic Composition* suggests the setting for a Wagnerian opera in its desolate vastness and craggy peaks, while *Inner Space* is like a waterfall with its torrential sheets and dark, white-flecked pools. (Schaefer, Oct. 31-Nov. 19.)—M.S.

ALFRED JENSEN

A very powerful abstract expressionist style by Alfred Jensen, executed on huge canvases, makes this gallery vibrate with color. If viewed from a distance, the monumental forms in some take on a definite character, as they do in a highly abstract red figure and an equally abstract orange landscape. A very thin line in these conceptions divides the resolved compositions from those which are still ambiguous. (Tanager, Oct. 21-Nov. 10.)—C.L.F.

LESTER JOHNSON

A serious artist who has concentrated all the force of his abilities and perceptions on a single statement, Johnson attempts to evoke a psychological response through establishing a psychological mood. By defying outer appearances, the artist is able to suggest a world of inner consciousness, profound and intense, yet precariously subject to change. His work has grown richer since his last show; the painting is freer, the outlines less rigid, and the surfaces are textured and vibrating rather than flat. *Portrait of Jo* is a tender and poignant painting, less severe in its motivation than the other oils, while the watercolors of Provincetown are in a different vein entirely, direct and immediate, concerned with activity and the mood of a moment. (Zabriskie, Oct. 31-Nov. 21.)—M.S.

VERNA HULL

Although she began painting only four years ago, Verna Hull has achieved an individuality of style and intensity of communication which many artists of longer experience and greater proficiency might envy. It is impossible to pass off these paintings as being naively charming, for they reveal a rare sensibility as well as an instinctive use of color for its most evocative properties. Whether she paints a crude row of green figures against an expanse of acid yellow or a prim lady with a parasol or the tiers of color of *Opening Night* or the brilliant orange field of *Toreador*, the result is always a distillation of visual essences which achieves the de-

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IN THE GALLERIES . . .

sired emotional impact. (N. Y. Circulating Library, Oct. 28-Nov. 19).—M.S.

ROBERT KNIPSCHILD

Working with a freedom seldom found in the encaustic medium, Knipschild paints jagged abstractions which consistently refer to and evoke scenes from nature, particularly the crests and hollows of surf and the dark shapes of coastal rocks. Movement remains fairly close to the surface in a play of flickering lights and staccato lines, without attempt to establish spatial depth. He is a vivid colorist with a palette ranging from explosive blues and oranges to gentle shades of pink and green and uses color to establish mood of season, place and hour. (Alan, Oct. 4-29).—M.S.

HERNAN LARRAIN

A South American painter who has worked for many years in Paris, Larrain improvises on cubism, discarding the greys and browns for gay pastels and the strict logic for personal fantasy. Such subjects as *The Return of Agamemnon* and *Judgment of Paris* are rendered by means of broken forms and facets of color which adhere to each other in a unity determined by pictorial rather than plastic dictates. This lively intermixture of abstract geometry and semi-realistic elements yields results which are sometimes successful, sometimes merely contrived. (New, Nov. 7-26).—M.S.

AMANDA DE LEON

This Spanish-born artist, raised in Venezuela, shows tender, evocative pictures of farm life, Spanish dancers, priests or children watching fireworks. Her painting is primitivistic, only in the sense of wishing the world to retain its simplicity. She is never awkward, or automatically childish; one senses a good deal of training in her craft beyond the simplicity of its statement. (Carlebach, Sept. 19-Oct. 22).—B.G.

MODERN MASTERS

It would be difficult to select outstanding paintings in this exhibition of newly-acquired work by artists of this century. Perhaps an early Mondrian of the 1912 period, *The Tree*, which again causes one to realize that a great painter is great in any period in which he works; a small Gris, *Nature Morte*; two delightful Marcoussis; drawings by Gleizes, Herbin and Picasso; an Oscar Schlemmer not altogether representative, but a good enough introduction to this Bauhaus teacher; three early and good Max Ernsts. This is an exhibition for the private eye or collector, choice and intimate. It has a few disappointments, as in the later Jean Arp, a moderately good Picasso, and the Kandinskys. (Rose Fried, Oct. 17-Nov. 26).—B.G.

FLETCHER MARTIN

Still the same pale blues contrasted with black design elements, growing out of the costumes of lovely, winsome girls, dominate this artist's work. The *Quarrelling Gulls*, white flecks of birds over blue and brown rooftops, shows a pleasing use of a slim, lateral canvas; and in general one cannot quarrel with the taste and delicacy of his painting. (Heller, Oct. 25-Nov. 12).—L.G.

GIORGIO MORANDI

Eleven paintings, dating from a 1916 still life lent by the Museum of Modern Art to the present, show remarkably little change in the style and subject matter of this renowned Italian. Apart from a few landscapes, the latter consists of still lifes of bottles, cans and boxes. Regardless of how slight the change from canvas to canvas, however, Morandi is never monotonous. A purist's strength, and extremely subtle color harmonies, give these paintings a timeless quality. His more recent still lifes, dated 1953 and 1954, are most authoritative. They show an increasingly subdued palette and an even greater lucidity and simplicity. Also on view are several pencil studies for still life and four etchings of landscapes and flowers. Morandi's ascetic and very private world reflected in all of these works rewards attention. (Deliuss, Oct. 5-Nov. 5).—C.L.F.

ALVIN MOST

Two versions of *Ohayo Mountain* are the most imposing works in a second show of forceful

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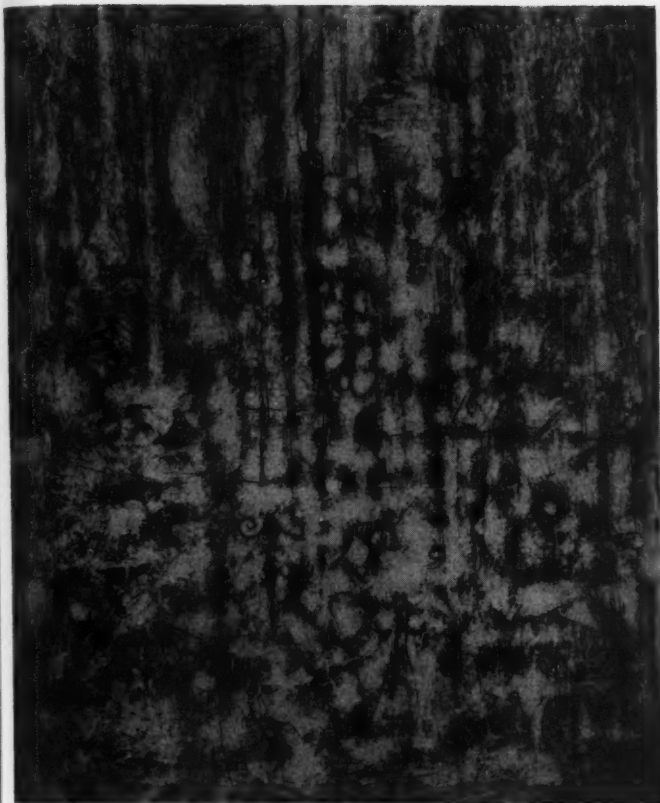
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Left: *WHITE GARDEN* by Richard Pousette-Dart. "Predominantly White" is the title of Pousette-Dart's new show, and it should once more prove that he is one of the most original and solitary artists we have around. Where color and heavily built-up surfaces have sometimes disguised his purpose in the past, in these strangely vibrant white canvases he has unmistakably conveyed that moment of suspension he has been seeking all along. Through the use of very fine pencilled lines on titanium white he brings the surface to life and leaves it just at the point before complete realization so that one is not certain if it is about to emerge or has already been there and is now about to disappear again. The result is one of suspense and serenity, an impact of silence in the sudden cessation of a musical passage. (Parsons, Nov. 7-Nov. 26.)—L.G.



Above: *SEA AT TWILIGHT* by Alex Redein. In the fall it is not unusual to find that a number of artists have "discovered" themselves during a summer of painting on an island or at the shore. Mr. Redein's *SEA AT TWILIGHT* and a number of the oils and gouaches in a similar vein show that he has found his key to form and feeling; they far outstripped the figure and city scenes in the show. Nor is it likely that the new subtlety of tone and structure will desert him. He seems to be on his way. (Heller, Oct. 4-Oct. 22.)—L.G.

Right: *FORWARD AND BACKWARD* by Clinton Hill. In five small paintings the artist achieves a bigness which is not always true in the tall panels. Still, his forms are solidly rooted—interacting circles supported by powerful, dramatic stalks of black or bands of color. The three collages he is showing are less concerned with structure than color and surface, and two of them come off very well. It is the very lack of emphasis on the surface which underscores the certainty and clear intention in his paintings. (Zabriskie [formerly Korman], Nov. 21-Dec. 9.)—L.G.



Left: *"ONLY THE WISE LOOK UP"* by Delevante. A Jamaica-born painter of Portuguese ancestry, Delevante has taught for seventeen years at Cooper Union but has never before exhibited his paintings. Each of the small jewel-like canvases in this exhibition has been worked over for a long time, some for as many as six or seven years, and each has an aged look in the rich textures with their flashes of silver and gold and in the close integration of the two dimensional figures with their grounds. The images, totem-like figures, half-animal, half-human, precise and yet tenuous, isolated and self-contained, spring from a vision so personal as to be beyond literal interpretation, yet no interpretation is demanded in the appeal to the imagination made by this fabricated yet poignant world. (Gallery 75, Nov. 1-30.)—M.S.



Above: *RESTLESS SEA* by Ralph Rosenborg. The results of his summer at Provincetown, the small seascapes and skyscapes in Rosenborg's current show represent an interesting change in his style. Or not so much a change—since he has done similar work in watercolor before—as an attempt to handle oil in a manner deriving from watercolor methods. It produces some handsome work, like *RESTLESS SEA*, but elsewhere the imagery becomes a bit tenuous for the human eye. (Delacorte, Nov. 7-30.)—L.G.

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abstractions and black and white collages. One is painted in a network of red, white and blue strokes with an insistent and unvarying intensity throughout the canvas, while in the second, paint has been applied in shades of brown, black, ochre and white over the hollows and wrinkles of plaster relief, giving the work a constantly shifting surface interest and enhancing the concept of the mountain image. (James, Oct. 24-Nov. 14.)—M.S.

E. W. NAY
This German painter, born in Stuttgart in 1902, shows his latest watercolors and oils. Always an abstract painter, Nay has moved from strong divisions of color in almost posterish forms into gentle, circular forms, flower-like and spring-like. These evolve in a soft ambiance around each other—one painting or watercolor very like another—in various modulated colors. He has painted very large, and moderate oils and smaller watercolors. There is little that threatens or stimulates one; perhaps it is the ordinariness, the never breaking beyond a controlled pleasantness that becomes monotonous, for the monotony certainly exits. (Kleeman, Oct. 29-Nov. 18.)—B.G.

ROBERT A. NELSON
The private fantasy projected in the graphic work of this young Canadian is of a macabre and discomfoting nature, combining mechanized figures, angels and demons in a composite of baffling symbolism. Although the draftsmanship and composition are of consistently high quality, it is the less contrived works which appear the strongest and most fully realized, the color lithographs such as *The Coin Collector* and *The Mechanized Doll* with their brilliant oranges and violets and ornamental patterns, and the *Soldier*, an elegant double-profiled head vigorously drawn in black. (RoKo, Oct. 17-Nov. 9.)—M.S.

PETERS, LUND, LORENZ, FAHY-DILASCIA
The three artists whose works were available for review (judging by his show of last year, David Lund should make an outstanding fourth) are united by the common practice of breaking up their forms and canvas surfaces into particles or separate strokes, although each approach is different. Arnold Peters is the most systematic, arranging short strips of alternating colors in ribbons which form tumbling landscapes, while Lee Lorenz builds texture and shimmering surfaces with small daubs of paint in which configurations faintly suggestive of garden or still life may be discerned. M. Fahy-Dilascia paints in a more impulsive expressionist manner, her soft broken strokes forming a swirling chaos in *Death by Water* or a procession of twisting nudes in *Inferno*. (4 Directions, Nov. 4-26.)—M.S.

PICASSO LITHOGRAPHS
A collection of rare Picasso lithographs from the last decade, numbering nearly eighty items, presents a synthesis and a summary of earlier phases of the artist's work in which the most classical and romantic elements are combined, in which cubist analysis and free contour drawing and baroque chiaroscuro play interacting roles. Indeed, one finds traces of nearly every phase of art history encompassed within the sweeping brush strokes of this single giant whose undiminished vitality and ever fertile imagination continue still to enrich civilization and enhance our experience. (Kleeman, Sept. 26-Oct. 21.)—M.S.

GORMEN POWERS
His landscapes of long flattened vistas are handled somewhat heavily but with rich color and real feeling. The sea and rock paintings are freer and show that he is on the road to making the medium carry what he wants to convey. There are some very strong and fluid drawings, especially of a nude, but the figure, when incorporated in his oils, lacks the depth of interest which sustains his other work. (Rehn, Oct. 25-Nov. 12.)—L.G.

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and museums by the Silberman brothers over a period of thirty years. Held for the benefit of the Spanish Institute, Inc. Research Fund of Art and Archaeology to send advanced graduate students to Spain for research work in these fields, the exhibition was notable for the selectivity of its thirty-four paintings by masters of several great periods of Western art. Beginning with an unknown Tuscan master of the thirteenth century, it concluded with a Matisse painted in 1920. Represented among the Sieneese school were Sassetta's *Virgin Annunciate*, a Neroccio de' Landi *Madonna and Child*; the fifteenth century included Hieronymus Bosch's *Allegory of Intemperance*, a panel, *Salome with the Head of John the Baptist* by Lucas Cranach the Elder; among the Venetians, a Titian portrait of *Ludovico Ariosto* and the Tintoretto *Tarquinius and Lucretia*; two of Rubens' sketches in the Venetian manner for the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, now destroyed; nineteenth-century works included Manet's *Young Woman in a Round Hat*, Cézanne's *Portrait of the Artist's Son*. Surprises were the very distinguished portrait by Mabuse of the *Abbot Johann Ingenray*, a Goya "oddy," *Winter* in a series of cartoonish seasonal paintings by the Spaniard, *Windmills on Montmartre* from Van Gogh's Paris period, and an excellent Franz Hals, *Self-Portrait*. (Silberman.)—B.G.

KURT SELIGMANN

Proving himself still a virtuoso, Seligmann shows together with earlier styled paintings, recent pictures which are more personal and move with more fluidity toward a less deliberated contact. They can perhaps result from his close connection with the theatre in their picturesque movement, but they afford a relief from the florid arabesques of his surrealist symbology. Still retaining this symbology, his color has reduced itself to simpler, less demanding and eye-filling ranges. He understands to a masterly degree the divisions of the canvas, so that he can allow himself freedom of exploitation with his witches, Africans and banquetings. Whether one cares for so much mythology or Renaissance adaptation, the seduction of paint and sureness of composition is there. His Goyaesque *Evocation* is a successful tour de force, explicit of a new manner. (Durlacher, Nov. 1-26.)—B.G.

JOHN TAYLOR

Nine oils and eleven gouaches inspired by landscapes in and about Woodstock show the range of this artist's style. Some of his work tends to surrealistic fantasy, some approaches a bolder patterning, but his best work is accomplished with highly abstract forms in strong earthy colors. *Bayou Terre aux Boeufs*, for example, has the vigor and roughness seldom achieved in the medium. (Milch, to Nov. 12.)—C.L.F.

JANE WILSON

The facility of this artist works to her detriment, for, although her paintings have a freshness and immediacy and make a striking first impression, they tend to fall apart and to lack solidity and construction. There are excellent qualities in this painting—the vitality of the brushwork in such canvases as *Marsh Landscape*, the lyric color, at its best in *Basket Lake* and *Mountain Meadow*, and the sensitivity to mood and situation revealed in *Nostalgic Spectators*, from a photograph of Virginia Woolf. It is only because this is a talent which show promise of deepening as it develops that one may take exception to the present headlong approach. (Hansa, Oct. 24-Nov. 12.)—M.S.

ADJA YUNKERS

His latest work in monotype and woodcut is a series called *Ostia Antica* resulting from an exploration to the Roman port of Ostia. This world of the ancients has evoked some of Yunkers' most intense, most delicately colorful, and certainly elegant work. He still remains an outsider visiting Italy, and this geographical data makes his work less effete, more dynamic than his Italian contemporaries. There are other fine monotypes not in this series, such as *Composition # 4*, which show off Yunkers' command of his idiom. (Borgenicht, Oct. 17-29.)—B.G.

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NOTED BRIEFLY

MARIAN P. SLOANE: Heavy gray skies and deep blue shadows heighten the romantic mood of the late Marian P. Sloane's country landscapes which comprise her retrospective exhibition. (Grand Central, Oct. 25-Nov. 5.) . . . **ORVILLE BULMAN:** The rhythms and humorous repetitions of Calypso songs find pictorial echoes in Bulman's paintings of West Indies subjects, rendered in simplified flat patterns colored with even high-valued hues. Also included in this self-taught painter's first New York one-man exhibition are similarly designed but more somber canvases of Northern scenes. (Grand Central, Nov. 22-Dec. 3.)—B.B.

WINSLOW EAVES: Eaves has no definite style nor does he confine himself to one material. Some of his sculptures are bulbous, growing forms in wood, some are wiry metal structures, and some are spatial studies in ceramics. In this experimental assortment, his wood figures, such as *Torso*, are the most impressive. (Contemporary Arts, Oct. 3-21.) . . . **BELLE GOLINKO:** Handling colors and forms well, Belle Golinko creates decorative oils. A wistful, light poetry rather than a profound one allows for pleasant viewing. She makes a stronger statement in her youthful figures and still lifes than in her landscapes. (Contemporary Arts, Oct. 17-Nov. 4.) . . . **EMMA EHRENREICH:** This painter's abstract impressions are loosely handled compositions in vibrant colors. Her personal imagery is pleasantly exciting where the excitement is kept under control. (Contemporary Arts, Oct. 31-Nov. 19.) . . .

RALPH FABRI: Fabri's semi-abstract oils are poetic interpretations of biblical stories displaying color harmonies predominantly of blues. (Ward Eggleston, Nov. 26.) . . . **FREDERIC JAMES:** Warm-toned, affectionate watercolors which fix memorable moments in his travels through Egypt, Italy and Greece. Some of the best were inspired by Athens. (Maynard Walker, Oct. 10-Oct. 29.) . . . **KASTOR:** A retired businessman, he is largely self-taught, and the semi-primitive still lifes and landscapes are his best work to date with the exception of the enamel-bright self portrait. (Carstairs, Oct. 24-Nov. 12.) . . . **BEN EISNER:** Eisner exhibits primitive paintings that are simple, direct and colorful. Gallery 62, Oct. 15.)

. . . **LOGSDON:** Logsdon exhibits his very personal style in figure paintings somewhat reminiscent of the flat, decorative quality in Japanese prints. (Coeval, Nov. 14-30.) . . . **STEFAN LOKOS:** Semi-abstract oils and watercolors on canvas are built up of brightly colored planes. The result is strong, structural compositions. (Crespi, Nov. 8-27.) . . . **ELEANOR BARRY LOWMAN:** The exceedingly fresh coloring in Eleanor Barry Lowman's charming still lifes heightens their decorative and light spirited effect. (Argent, Oct. 17-Nov. 5.) . . . **PHILIP REISMAN:** Highly charged compositions stirred up by religious festivals, stockyards and fishing boats. It's a pity that all this energy and knowledge are not sparked by more pertinent observation. (ACA, Oct. 24-Nov. 12.)—C.L.F.

J. J. THARRATS: a member of the Barcelona group which publishes a small periodical devoted to the arts. Tharrats has sent to America a delightful collection of witty, light-hearted collages fabricated from every imaginable sort of cut out and ready-made, including Victorian seals of cupids and angels, arranged in wonderfully inventive and charming compositions. (Wittenborn, Nov. 15-30.) . . . **ERNESTINE LIVERS:** A genuine feeling for her subjects and enjoyment of painting are apparent in the colorful flower pieces, haunting street musicians, ballerinas, and interiors of the plush restaurants of another era. (Batzansky, Oct. 31-Nov. 14.) . . . **THEODORE BRENSON:** Ribbons of color form abstract configurations of varying complexity in a series of gouaches painted with clarity and vigor. (Wittenborn, Nov. 1-14.) . . .

CONSTANCE RICHARDSON: The midwestern landscape and the industrial outskirts of large cities are treated with meticulous attention to detail, yet convey a vivid sense of the sweeping vastness of the scene; the impeccable technique of this accomplished artist is impressive. (Wildenstein, Oct. 4-15.) . . . **OLIVE BOHANNON:** *Summer Tree* with its lively palette knife treatment and free use of color is one of the most striking canvases in a group of romantic landscapes reflecting nature's more dramatic moods. (Kottler, Nov. 14-26.) . . . **MIRTA CERRA:** Rectilinear still lifes and landscapes neatly arranged in receding planes and carefully graded tones of brown and green are similar in their precision and restraint

to the abstractions by this same Cuban artist. (Sudamericana, Oct. 21-Nov. 10.) . . . **GORDON GRANT:** Faithful to the subjects he has observed and portrayed for so many years, Grant presents a new collection of watercolors of ships and wharves in the lifting fog, fishing boats putting in to port, and oilskin-clad fishermen at work, executed with all the consummate skill and flawless craftsmanship this veteran painter commands. (Grand Central, Nov. 1-19.) . . . **ELSIE GHIRON:** Competent oils in an unpretentious traditional manner include scenes such as a sunny field of flowers against a backdrop of pines and mountains and serene views of country lanes and dooryards. (Kottler, Nov. 14-26.) . . . **LOUISE GORDEON:** A painter of children's portraits exhibits her view of suburbia in which she eloquently conveys the tranquility and leisurely pace of the semi-urban existence and the dullness of middle class mores. (Wellons, Oct. 17-29.) . . . **C. IVAR GILBERT:** An apparently tireless traveller, Gilbert paints the local scenery from the Rockies to the Alps, taking in en route such popular sights as the Grand Canyon, the Manhattan skyline and the Pont Neuf, buttering on the paint with deft palette knife in blatant hues, but with undeniable skill in handling and a sharp eye for salient detail combined with a grandeur of scale. (Grand Central, Oct. 11-27.) . . . **MELVILLE KITCHIN:** A profusion of fruits and flowers abounds in the luxuriant still lifes by this capable watercolorist, while the most original of his landscapes are several gay and lively views of Capri. (Morris, Oct. 23-Nov. 12.) . . . **MARION BELAY:** A morose expressionism characterizes the work of this young artist who makes a New York debut with a series of gaunt oversize figures, painted with a certain boldness and bigness of scope and a knowledgeable handling of the effects of light and atmospheric space. (New, Oct. 24-Nov. 5.) . . . **UDISE WAKELY:** This first one-man show traces the artist's progression through an uncertain impressionist style to a freer and bolder semi-cubist treatment of such romantic subjects as *Troubador's Castle* and the *Arch of Aglie* and colorful scenes from nature such as *Yellow Swamp* in which distinct patches of pigment merge into a pictorially coherent whole. (Wellons, Oct. 3-15.)—M.S.

ARTS QUIZ

Self-portraits are not always highly respected as a form of art. According to a widely prevalent scale of values in painting, commissioned portraits, paid on the line, come first. These are the work of successful artists. Less prosperous artists treat still life. They paint fish and vegetables before eating them for supper. Even less successful artists are reduced to soup, which makes a poor subject for painting; so they turn to landscape (admission free). And in rainy weather penurious artists turn to the mirror and produce self-portraits. Even for the most frivolous of us, however, self-portraits really have their value. At their best they are a probing into the nature of mankind. They are also a striving toward permanence, an attempt on the part of the artists to perpetuate their talents and their personality, to link their talents with their own physical features. How successful are the artists? Can you, in the guise of posterity, recognize the accompanying self-portraits? See page 64 for the answers.



VINCENT PASTOR CALFENA: This Spanish painter showed delicious watercolors of the towns and countrysides of his native country. (Kennedy, Oct. 7-31.) . . . CHI KWAN CHEN: These are pleasant watercolors of landscapes and cityscapes. They do not avoid Chinoiserie in brushstroke, in bamboo and in symbols. Delicate, decorative and romantic, they become a little too sweet, too pretty. Weyhe, Nov. 14-Dec. 17.) . . . CHRISTIAN JULIA: In his first one-man show, this French painter exhibits neatly the techniques of the School of Paris. Using sombre siennas, orange cut [cut by blues] blues changing to violet, his still lifes have a technical, trained excellence as of long acquaintance with Braque and the cubists. Yet their formality tends toward the static, as of a formula excessively well used. (Galerie Moderne, Nov. 1-22.) . . . YOLANDE: In her first solo show, this student of Edwin Dickinson offers paintings in several styles ranging from earlier, realistic, highly colored portraits of clowns to semi-abstracts in *The Inlet* and *Landscape*. (Regina, Oct. 23-Nov. 12.)—B.G.

MILLER BRITAIN: A Canadian painter of some note in his own country, presents his second show here. Although sharper in outline and color, his works still deals with nudes and heads with surrealist juxtapositions of figures and background. (Hartet, Nov. 7-Dec. 3.) . . . SIMMONS PERSONS: Nostalgic watercolors of Southern plantation life and the broken pillars left behind the Civil War. They are frequently as romantic as stage sets but are done with surprising earnestness. (Rehn, Nov. 14-Dec. 3.)—L.G.

GALLERY GROUPS

KRAUSHAAR: This opening exhibition is comprised of one entry from each of the contemporary painters and sculptors represented by this gallery. The styles range from that of Gifford Beal and Louis Bouche to the later semi-abstractism of John Heliker and abstract expressionism of William Kienbusch. (Oct. 10-Nov. 12.) . . . RIVERSIDE MUSEUM: Members of the New York Society of Women Artists maintain a fairly consistent level of good work in their annual exhibition of oils, watercolors, drawings, prints and sculptures. (Oct. 9-Nov. 6.) . . . SEGY: A selection

entitled "25 Masterpieces of African Sculpture" exhibits the inventiveness of the African Negro's plastic conceptions. These wood, ivory and bronze carvings represent the types used by several different tribes in religious and magical rites. (Nov. 1-Dec. 15.) . . . ZABRISKIE: Among the prints in this exhibition are etchings by Salvatore Grippi and Edward Colker, woodcuts by Robert Conover and Vincent Longo, color woodcuts with much the same feeling as in Chinese wall hangings, by Clinton Hill, and papercuts displaying particularly strong structural compositions, by Edmund Casarella. (Oct. 10-30.)—C.L.F.

FORUM: A student exhibition of unusually high quality, both in technical achievement and individuality of style, this show offers a particularly outstanding sculpture selection, notably *Lock People* and *Christ* by Jack Wise and a skeletal structure by Franklin Adams. Noteworthy paintings are Evon Streetman's *Organ*, Artemis Jégart's *Freight Yard* and Alex Hay's *Forms*. Woodcuts form the most successful portion of the graphic section, perhaps because they have a directness which the work in other print media lacks. Batiked wall hangings by Joseph Almyda display both control of the medium and a fine sense of design. (Sept. 29-Oct. 20.) . . . KOTTLER: Parisian artist Luka Pink makes her New York debut with a selection of impetuously brushed oils which convey impressions of tree-lined streets and glimpses of the Paris scene. Among the other paintings on exhibition are Elizabeth Berger's pastels and figure paintings, Rene Schmitt's enchanted view of the city in the snow, Janet Bande's large symbolic nude, *Mater Nata*, and Mucciariello's gossamer vision, *Dream of a Ballerina*. (Oct. 17-Nov. 12.) . . . MIDTOWN: Enlisting the aid of six prominent designers, the Midtown Gallery attempts to demonstrate, in its fourth annual "Art in Interiors" exhibition, the ways in which contemporary art can be used to enrich and enliven interior settings. (Sept. 27-Oct. 19.) . . . VILLAGE ART CENTER: A jury for the 11th Annual Sculpture show, consisting of Lu Duple, Archipenko and Martin Craig, awarded prizes to Paul Giambertone's *Dancers*, Alfred Van Loen's *Porcupine* and an honorable mention to Inger Jacobsen. (Oct. 3-21.)—M.S.



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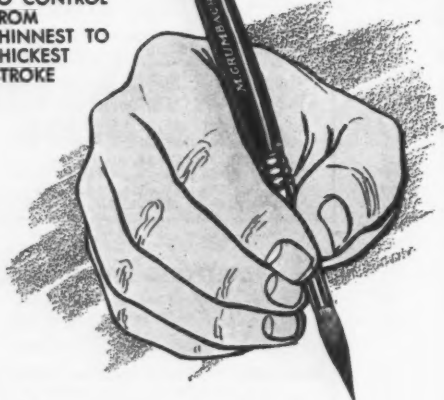
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STUDIO TALK

BY VINCENT LONGO

COLOR:

POSSIBILITIES AND MATERIALS

THE most dramatic separation between painting and other art forms is color. It can be more effective than perspective drawing in defying the limitations of a flat surface. The purely physical effect of color upon the eye, causing some colors to advance, some to recede, some to compel the viewer's attention before others, is a natural phenomenon of visible light and the spectrum of which light is composed. Light and color are, for practical purposes, synonymous, because color cannot be seen without light and light could not be endured without color.

When, in the nineteenth century, a new emphasis was laid upon color as a means to form, colormen sought to satisfy demands for a more extensive palette. Scientific experiments made to supplement the natural sources of pigment increased. Formerly pigments were made from colored earths, the madder root, the indigo plant, the cochineal insect and lapis lazuli—until 1856 when an English chemist produced the first organic dye, called Perkin's violet. Each following decade produced at least one or more important discoveries in color chemistry, and the field of organic color materials grew rapidly. Today some of the large paint manufacturers offer as many as ninety or a hundred tubed colors.

Choosing a brand of oil paint is a personal affair which more often than not is the result of evaluation and recommendation made by artists to each other or by instructors to students. It should be remembered, however, that most companies sell two grades of paint, usually called "student" and "artist" grades, the latter being more expensive and made of purer and richer ingredients. There is a brand of paint that is less well-known but which has been found to contain an unusually varied assortment of colors that maintain a high standard of quality: the Shiva Standard Oil Colors, specifically the Ferrous, Ponsol, and Maximum Colors, which are not to be found in other brands. The Ferrous colors are of synthetic iron oxides and resemble somewhat the earth colors (ochres, siennas, umbers) but are much more transparent and are actually different in hue. The Ponsol colors are of dyestuff and are a more recent development. They are unusually luminous, highly transparent and brilliant. When used thinly over white their luminosity is most effective, but they can be mixed safely with other colors. The Maximum colors are a group of eight colors that "produce the maximum of brilliance for the variations of the color circle with equally balanced complementaries." Each tube is labeled with the color it contains plus its direct complement.

Good color in painting is not a matter of an extensive palette, however; it is the result of a thorough understanding of the nature of vision, color power, and the visual effects produced by combining relationships. Instruction is the quickest means towards this. The pastime painter will benefit by participating at least for a while in a painting class where practical color knowledge can be gained. For those who are not inclined to study in groups but prefer to paint at home, yet would like to enlarge their awareness of color nuances, I offer here a few practical exercises which are part of a color course taught by Louis Finkelstein at the Brooklyn Museum Art School.

Mr. Finkelstein agrees with most painting instructors in finding that apart from insufficient color knowledge, the biggest blocks in the path toward a rich color experience are automatic restrictions (colorwise) that accompany an attitude that painting is strictly a method of recording the object visually. The following exercise offers an opportunity to enter quickly into the realm of color possibilities by means of certain formal changes which evoke emotional responses that are contingent on these different

relationships. A still life is set up and students are asked to draw in outline the composition before them. They must then paint in the objects as they are seen in flat shapes of color. The next step, on another outline, is to paint in colors that are not seen at all in the still life, with a view to beginning a series of different color combinations that will "control physical changes in the objects and effect different spatial movements." This exercise of color relationships can be the beginning of an expanded use of color in painting and may very well lead to a more personal means of expression. It is one thing to develop skill and draughtsmanship toward a complete statement of form, but quite another to sacrifice creative growth by centering all of one's attention on the means of an art while ignoring the very essential quality of artistic experience: personal expression. Therefore, it is important to realize that the instructor's primary purpose in an exercise like the above is to give information that will increase creative power rather than pile up a cumbersome accumulation of data.

Even in our daily surroundings there is much evidence of an enlarged color consciousness today. Shades and hues on apartment walls show a refinement of choice and mixture that has not existed before. Automobiles are in more striking tones, and the famine of color in men's clothing seems to be at an end. While pointing out these environmental factors, Mr. Finkelstein suggests a way of learning to identify colors on sight by examining the *kind* of color that is seen on a label or a package of cigarettes—or any product. For example, the red used on canned tomato labels is neither a warm red (toward orange) nor a cool red (toward violet), but a red that has been slightly neutralized. An awareness of these differences serves to avoid the practice of indiscriminately using colors out of the tube without making an attempt to mix subtle varieties that will come close to required hues. A more complete color vocabulary can be obtained by another exercise presented in the class. This is a kind of adventure in mixing color, done with all of the basic colors on the palette (but for purposes of clarity, described here with the primary and secondary colors as they are presented in pigment form). A grid of squares containing thirty-six sections—six across and six down—is ruled out and will be painted with varying mixtures of two colors per section. The only pure colors will be those running diagonally through the center from top-left to bottom-right. It will be noticed upon completion that there can be an almost endless variety of any given color, and there are a number of ways of changing the quality of it by degrees of mixture with another color. The next part of the exercise consists of cutting the colored squares apart and arranging them into a color circle. The outer section of the circle will be formed of colors that have the most intensity but differ in hue. Starting with yellow, they will move around the circle in this order: yellow, yellow-green, green yellow-green, green, green blue-green, blue blue-green, blue, blue blue-violet, violet blue-violet, violet, etc. The duller colors are placed inside the circle under the corresponding hue. Students of the class are usually surprised to find that raw umber is in reality a dark dull yellow and that burnt sienna is a dark dull red. Already a step toward analyzing the color properties of a tubed paint has been made, and soon after the student will think of *kinds* of color rather than their names.

It is interesting to note that many painters today explore the world of color almost as intensely as others experiment with formal design or renderings of literal subject matter. Last season four major exhibitions of leading American painters showed such a preoccupation with the sheer power of color, and their works even suggested the use of color not only as an element but perhaps more as *content*. I refer to Joseph Albers, Ad Reinhardt, Mark Rothko and John Ferren, all of whom exhibit non-objective paintings with entirely different color intentions, yet whose stronger emphasis on color makes them distinctive among painters who work in similar modes.

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ART IN THE CLASSROOM

One of the notable events in the American cultural scene during the past decade has been the change in our universities' outlook on the arts. Poets and painters, many of them practicing radical styles, are now frequently invited to assume teaching posts which have heretofore been reserved for scholars and specialists.

Inevitably, the teaching of art has undergone some fundamental changes in method and philosophical aims, changes apposite to the changing nature of modern art itself. ARTS has invited one of these painter-professors, George Cohen of Northwestern University, to formulate some of the intentions behind these new methods, and to indicate how these intentions are implemented in actual classroom activity. He speaks only for himself, of course, and focuses attention upon some unusual insights which are enlightening not only to artists and students but to everyone who looks at painting.

BY GEORGE COHEN

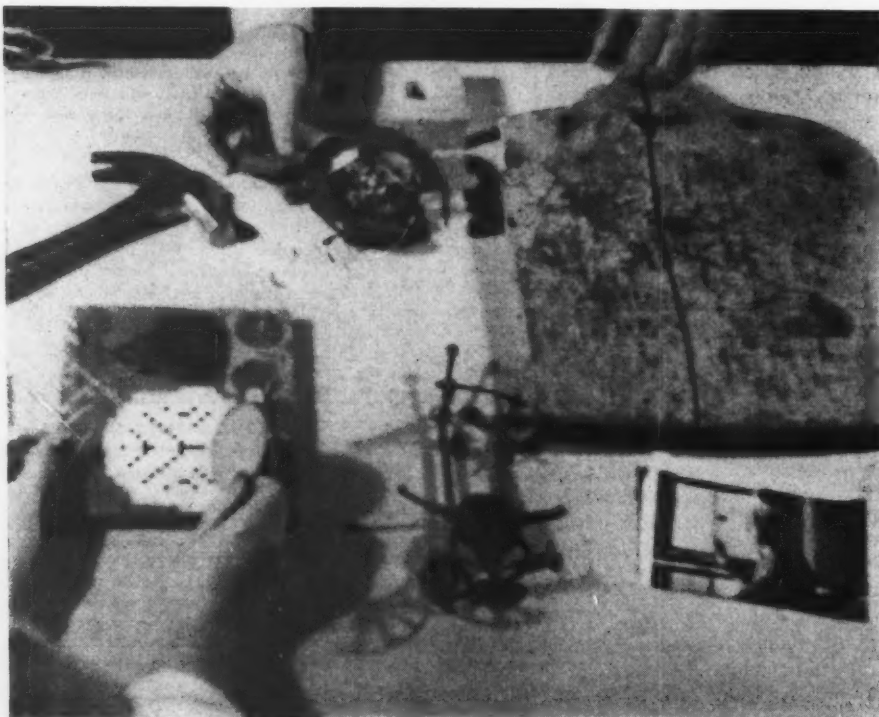
TRAINING in a professional art school does not ensure professionalism, nor does non-professional study preclude it, and while professionalism seeks a definition of itself, the term non-professional—a more excusable term—has a growing list of applications. Included are college art classes which are presented in an environment where understanding should be valued above production and "vocational training" is subordinate. Yet art does not exist unless it is produced, and the college must allow art to happen. Art, of course, cannot be taught; one teaches *about* art, hopes for and encourages it, and most of all, allows it.

But one must do more than wait. We uphold the agreeable-sounding doctrines of individuality and freedom of expression, but some in the class seek specific direction and all deserve specific orientation.

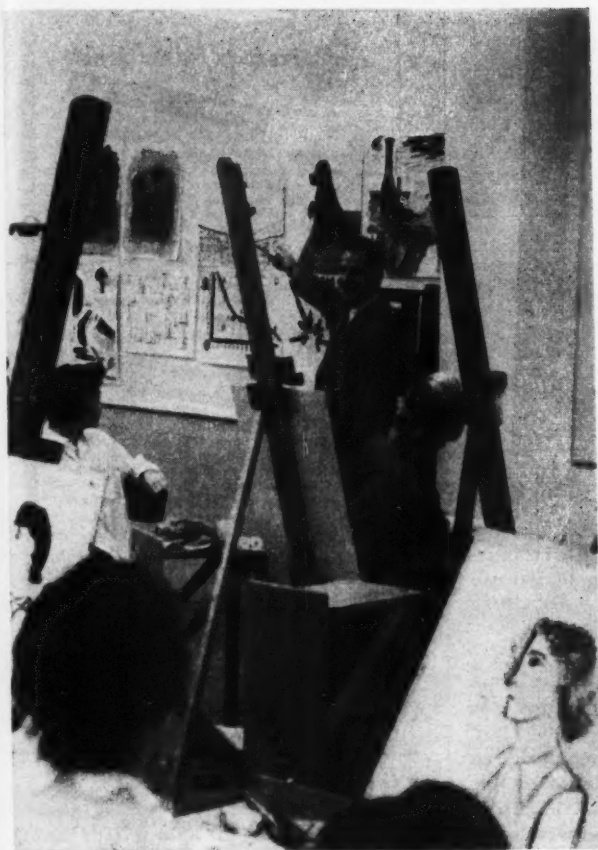
Individuality is certainly a necessity in art—even a conformity-oriented educational system recognizes it somewhere in its remote philosophical basis. But individuality finds serious competition when it faces learning—this conflict is hauntingly noted in a Yiddish proverb, "If I try to be like him, who will be like me?" This can also refer to the changing role of the teacher who is no longer the master seeking imitators—he too must remain an individual. He does contribute by means of his awareness of the awareness of others, and his teaching succeeds when it eventually must do away with itself.

Art can result on any level, beginning or advanced—and from anywhere, including the classroom. Many are upset by the possibility that some beginners can produce it. If they are "unteachable"—for teaching can destroy their art—what is their place in a class? These "unteachables" help to define the role of all class members who are accepted for what they are and what they do. The teacher utilizes their products to establish communication between the various makers of art and those who respond to their products—all class members should be responsive as well as productive.

Direction calls for some specific methods which should relate to orientation in expressive and esthetic values as well as representational techniques. Assignments can be made which encourage exploration of various categories of art. The imitation of nature, a most familiar aim, can be dealt with immediately by having each student make a drawing of a simple object, recording its attributes with pencil and paper. Another aim of art, the communication of ideas, can employ scissors and paste as magazine illustrations are cut out and juxtaposed in terms of a specific meaning. The left-over scraps may be gathered and pasted according to each student's intuitive notion of appropriateness with a resultant "thing-in-itself." These three separate assignments, with proper timing and discussion, may be used to demonstrate that some art aims at imitation and is about things, some aims at specific com-



A variety of materials other than art supplies are collected and freely juxtaposed, exercising the ingenuity and imagination of the student. Unlike the customary art materials these collected objects have no prescribed applications or limits. Personal selection and preference are brought into play, and objects become valued for qualities previously unnoticed. Sometimes the indirect associations of an object, as in the old chair seat possibly suggesting a figure or the crosswork puzzle being put to other than its intended use, stimulate discovery and lead to more direct concern with the nature of imagery.



Frequent critiques play a large part in the beginning classes, and here an introductory class in one of its first sessions is discussing a group of paintings which have just been completed. Each person is represented by one deliberately bad painting and one good painting, and during the critique it becomes quite difficult to judge the work by its intentions, which in turn are also discussed. Many students come to reevaluate their prejudices, and others more firmly adhere to their convictions, but all are faced with the direct experience and interpretation of paintings which have not been previously judged, valued or documented.



Interviews are a key part of the more advanced classes—the usual material of the session is a group of the student's own work which he sees as a separate series rather than in comparison with the work of other students, as in general critiques. Trends may be discovered, and decisions as to possible directions are attempted. He may be faced with choices between what he would like to do and what he is actually doing. The discussion should lead to the next painting at least, and perhaps to a better awareness of general creative problems.

munication and is about ideas, and some art is only incidentally about anything but its own unique self.

Quite gradually the class is led to the use of paints, but not until it is recognized that art is not exclusively something done with "art supplies." Materials that are not considered as art materials are collected, modified, or changed, until their meanings and appearances are altered. Pulling things out of Picasso's old wastebasket is justified if the act of transformation (in the service of the unpredictable) can be carried out by each student. But does the student know what is going on? That is precisely the purpose of the class—to make him aware of the processes of transformation in art. When standard art supplies are used, they are fully used. The first picture is done with paint, and only gradually is drawing introduced, since painting can present many attributes which drawing, in its selectivity, does not embrace.

There are many methods for "learning to see," and distinctions should be made between seeing and conventional substitutes for seeing. Curiously, the partial removal of customary controls, such as drawing with the wrong hand, drawing without line, and drawing out-of-proportion, can temporarily revive and refresh the process and lead to longer-termed reconsiderations. Other immediate teaching devices include reversals of context, such as painting a background before painting the object. The above emphasis is on process rather than results; the one who holds the brush is the real material of the class, and temporary removal of controls serves primarily to expose the process.

The means of presentation are important, but *what* to present is quite properly an educational responsibility—analogy with music place painting with composing as well as performing.

The question of esthetic values can be abruptly raised by asking each student to do a "bad" painting deliberately; when this is completed, a "good" painting is requested. The critique which follows finds deliberate reversals of technique and content. The student's responses are seldom related to the particular intention—what was meant to be ugly may be found to be moving and tragic. Each student can wonder at what he has been avoiding, the range of choice may grow, and a mobility of conception result.

It is not for the teacher to decide whether paintings ultimately shall be with or without subject, but if choices are to be made by students they must have the opportunity to employ subjects. At times definite subjects will be meted out from mythology, religion, history, newspaper reports, and every-day life, or from such general categories as serenity, violence, justice, and iniquity. Distinctions are then made regarding the means of expressing the chosen subject, whether narrative, symbolic or otherwise. The contexts of images in the work are examined as are the particular emphases of the subject. Sometimes the assignment deals with no direct subject but will be an arbitrary collection of images from different realms of experience—meaning can then be distinguished from subject.

The class will recognize that some of its members immediately paint the subject while others seek a subject during the course of painting. Some have a clear mental image beforehand, and the act of painting is for them an objectification of what already exists in the mind, while for others the act of painting is one of continuous discovery. Some of the ensuing assignments go more directly toward this phase of "the creative process." One project will work toward a specific goal, another will begin with no goal, allowing each step to make requirements for the next; direction and discovery, the acts of finding and seeking, are partially exposed and considered.

The above-mentioned assignments do not constitute the entire range of class activities—individual interviews are included when feasible—nor do they comprise the whole of a curriculum. The more advanced student will require a less schematized teaching approach which should be flexibly adapted according to the indicated needs.

We may seek methods to ease the responsibilities of teaching, but to teach art, even lovingly, may take the edge from it. "Each man kills the thing he loves," and sometimes he does it with method.

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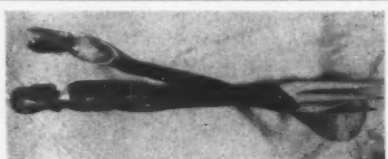
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STUDIO BAZAAR

A combined oil chalk and pastel crayon is among the new products put on the market by the Nobema Products Corporation. They have also developed an acrylic, workable, fixative spray and fast-drying, wrinkleproof gallery paints which are suitable for rapidly executed work.



A perspective ruler has been devised by the Canlen Co. to draw unlimited variations of two-point perspective. Pre-calculated perspective measurements and pre-determined locations of vanishing points are printed on a clear plastic straightedge so that measurements important to a particular subject can be pointed off directly on the paper and the drawing started at once.

The characteristics of Saran Wrap have brought the product into a new use, the preservation of art work. The film, clear, pliable and unaffected by age, provides an excellent protective wrap against dust, fingerprints, humidity and mildew. A wartime development of the Dow Chemical Co. for moisture-proof packaging, the product has been put on the market in rolls either twelve or eighteen inches wide.

A new material for the student artist is a tinted painting ground produced by the Spectrome Company. Boards and tablets are available in tones harmonizing with the three tertiary colors, simplifying the problem of relating background to foreground colors. A special kit is being sold for \$3.35 by the company to introduce this new product.

Graphic artists will find the Craftint Manufacturing Company's new catalogue a comprehensive source of material. It includes 279 type fonts, faces and sizes, 294 patterns of overlay shading sheets, colors and drawing papers.

A new drafting-board lamp with louvered shade has been evolved by Faries Lamp Division. Six separate louvers built into the top of the all-metal shade diffuse light upward and cut down eyestrain by eliminating shadows and minimizing contrasts. Dust which would normally accumulate on the fluorescent tubes passes through without settling.

A new catalogue has been issued this summer by the Compass Instrument and Optical Company, Inc., giving in 64 illustrated pages a complete reference guide of domestic and imported drawing instruments and drafting supplies.

Answers to ARTS quiz:

1) Augustus John, 2) Käthe Kollwitz, 3) Katsushika Hokusai, 4) Paul Cézanne, 5) Pablo Picasso, 6) Francisco Goya.



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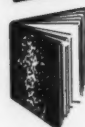
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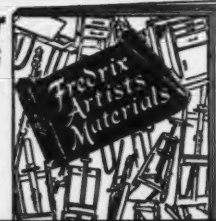
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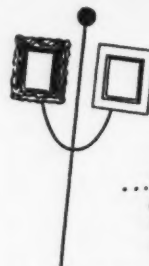


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BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

WATER COLOR SOCIETY OF ALABAMA 16TH JURY EXHIBITION, Birmingham Museum of Art, Dec. 4-31. Open to all artists. Media: transparent and opaque watercolor, tempera, gouache. Jury. Prizes. Entry cards due Nov. 18, work by Nov. 23. Fee: \$1 for each entry. Write to Belle Comer, Birmingham Museum of Art, City Hall, 711 N. 19th St., Birmingham, Alabama.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

CONNECTICUT ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS 46TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, Avery Memorial Galleries, Dec. 10-Jan. 8. Open to all artists. Media: oil, oil tempera, sculpture, etchings, drypoints, lithographs, woodblocks. Jury. Prizes. Entry fees: \$4 for paintings, \$3 for prints. Entries due Nov. 30. For further information write to Louis J. Fusari, Sec.; P. O. Box 204, Hartford 1, Connecticut.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

LILLIPUT HOUSE 14TH QUARTERLY EXHIBITION, 2 sections through Jan. and Feb. Open to all artists. Small works in all painting media. Jury. Awards: one-man or group shows. Fee: \$1 per entry. Do not telephone or write, paintings should be brought the last 2 Wednesdays and Fridays of November between 3-7 p.m. to Lilliput House, 231½ Elizabeth St., New York 12, N. Y.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

MORRIS GALLERY WINTER GROUP EXHIBITION, Dec. 14-31. Open to all artists. All painting media. Jury. Awards: one-man shows. Entry fee: \$3. Work due Dec. 12. Write: Morris Gallery, 174 Waverly Place, New York 14, New York.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN CASEIN 2ND ANNUAL EXHIBITION, National Arts Club, Feb. 23-March 6. Open to all artists working in the U. S. Media: casein. Jury. Cash awards. Fee: \$3. Entry cards and work due Feb. 20. Write: Ted Davis, Sec., 128 East 16th St., New York 3, N. Y.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

NEW HAVEN RAILROAD PAINTING CONTEST, "Autumn Glory in New England." Open to all U. S. artists. Media: oil and watercolor. Jury. Total awards: \$4000. Selected paintings to be exhibited at Grand Central Art Galleries. Entries due Jan. 3-15. No entry fee. Entry blanks available at New Haven Railroad ticket offices. Address inquiries to New Haven Painting Contest, Room 3624, Grand Central Terminal, New York 17, N. Y.

PORTLAND, MAINE

5TH ANNUAL GRAPHIC ART EXHIBITION, sponsored by the Portland Society of Art, Portland Museum, Jan. 8-Feb. 5. Open to all U. S. graphic artists. All graphic media. Fee: \$2. Jury. Museum purchases. Entry cards and work due Dec. 14. Write: Miss Bernice Breck, Portland Museum of Art, 111 High St., Portland, Me.

PORTLAND, MAINE

PORTLAND SOCIETY OF ART 73RD ANNUAL EXHIBITION, Portland Museum of Art, Feb. 28-March 28. Open to all artists. Media: oil, watercolor, pastel. Fee: \$3. Jury. Entry cards and work due Feb. 11. Write: Miss Bernice Breck, Portland Museum of Art, 111 High St., Portland, Me.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MICKIEWICZ CENTENARY ART COMPETITION, sponsored by the Polish Embassy. For illustrations based on any of Adam Mickiewicz's 25 shorter poems (free English translations of the poems are available). Media: oil, watercolor, tempera, original prints or drawings; dimensions: 14x14" to 40x40". All U. S. artists may submit 5 entries. Entries due Dec. 31. Prizes: total \$4000. Write: Polish Embassy, 2640 16th St., Washington 9, D. C.

WICHITA, KANSAS

25TH ANNUAL NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN GRAPHIC ARTS AND DRAWINGS, Wichita Kansas Art Association, Jan. 8-30. Media: block prints, wood engravings, original drawings, lithographs, etchings, drypoints, aquatints, mezzotints, black and white or color silk screen prints. All prints should be made in 1955 and matted 14x19 or 18x22. Jury. Entry fee: \$1. Entries due Dec. 15. For entry blanks write: Maude G. Scholtenberger, 401 North Belmont Ave., Wichita, Kansas.

REGIONAL

EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

5TH ANNUAL STATE EXHIBITION, Arts Centre of the Oranges, March 4-17. Open to New Jersey artists. Media: oil and watercolor. Fee: \$3 for each entry (limit 2). Entry cards due Feb. 15. Receiving days, Feb. 18-19. Jury. Prizes. Write: James F. White, 115 Halsted St., East Orange, N. J.

HOUSTON, TEXAS

ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WORKS BY HOUSTON ARTISTS, Museum of Fine Arts of Houston, Dec. 30. Open to all artists in Houston and local trade area. All media. Jury. Prizes. Each artist may submit 3 works. For information and entry blanks write to the Registrar, Museum of Fine Arts of Houston, Main and Montrose, Houston 5, Texas.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

LEAGUE OF PRESENT DAY ARTISTS EXHIBITION, Riverside Museum, Dec. 4-30. Open to artists in New York City and vicinity. For information write to David Atkins, 850 East 175th St., New York 60, N. Y.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

2ND WESTERN PAINTERS ANNUAL, Oakland Art Museum, Dec. 10-Jan. 8. Open to residents of Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Nevada, Oregon, Utah, Washington, Wyoming. Jury. Prizes. Work due Nov. 19. Write: Olive Miller, Oakland Art, Museum Municipal Auditorium, Oakland 7, Calif.

WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK

25TH ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION WESTCHESTER ARTS AND CRAFTS GUILD, County Center, Nov. 14-21. Open to residents of Westchester County. Annual dues: \$5; no entry fee. Media: oil, watercolor, sculpture, graphics, crafts. Prizes in all media. Write: Mrs. Ann O. Livingston, Westchester Arts and Crafts Guild, County Center, White Plains, New York.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

8TH ANNUAL CERAMIC AND SCULPTURE SHOW, The Butler Institute of American Art, Jan. 1-29. Open to residents and former residents of Ohio. Media: ceramics and sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Entry fee: \$2. Packing charge \$2 for each crate. Entries due Dec. 18. For entry blanks write: Secretary, The Butler Institute of American Art, Youngstown 2, Ohio.

MARGARET BREUNING WRITES

continued from page 49

contrasting areas of light and shade, variations of surface reliefs—all subordinated to a continuous plastic rhythm throughout the painting. This plastic imagination is felt in all the works on display, markedly in *Gondolas*, in which the acute salience of prow and curving hull is incorporated in the mass and volume of the design. The brilliant color of this painting denotes the Venetian influence that enhances not only the Italian subjects, but even the New England theme, *Fisherman's Equipment*, in which resonant color notes are integrated into the texture of the design. And as *lagniappe*, one of Dodd's familiar themes of the sea is included, *Forces*, which like Courbet's seascapes does not express so much the fluidity and the succession of waves as their crushing weight and sinister dynamic power.

In an exhibition of sculptures by Robert Russin (Wellons Gallery, November 14-26), the dichotomy between the solid figures and the opened-up ones is due to the artist's continuous exploration of fresh avenues of esthetic experience and technical procedure. In both phases of work he displays a finished craftsmanship. Employing the familiar media of bronze, alabaster, terra cotta and stone, he also presents original ones of welded and plastic steel and sprayed steel on ceramic. A bronze figure, *David*, illustrates his ability to impose rhythmic ideas on unorthodox material, abstracting the most harmonious and

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essential contours in a plastic co-ordination of bodily planes. In the open sculptures, he displays an equal power of organic design in the balanced distribution of movement throughout the figures. The fantasy *Primavera* transforms actuality through deformation of detail into symbolism.

Revington Arthur's early work expressed the intensity of his esthetic convictions in an almost explosive vehemence of color. Later he fined down this chromatic insistence into an ideology, in which brilliant color planes and cool notes created by their interplay coherent designs of dynamic power. Always possessed of stability as well as emotional fervor, his painting became a highly personal pictorial language. His recent work (Wellons Gallery, to November 12) shows a wide divergence from this phase of expression, consisting of canvases on which dark backgrounds tapestried or woven with broken threads of color are intercalated with luminous rectangles containing tiny figures, interpreting a theme. The delicate, decorative detail of each background achieves a tactile quality that gives vitality to the whole canvas. Perhaps the most successful of these imaginative imageries is *The Native*, a dark, exiguous figure emerging in rhythmic gesture from its radiant setting. A particularly appealing canvas of this exhibition is a poetic still life in which dark, projecting forms emerge in an ambience of green, like a cadence of musical phrasing.

CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS

AKRON, OHIO
INSTITUTE, Nov. 13-Dec. 4: G. Catlin

ALBANY, N. Y.
INSTITUTE, Nov. 8-Dec. 4: Creative Contemporaries

ATHENS, GA.
MUSEUM, Japanese Prts; Nov. 20-Dec. 15: British Lithos

ATLANTA, GA.
LIBRARY, Nov. 9-30: Italy Rediscovered

BALTIMORE, MD.
MUSEUM, to Nov. 13: "If Wishes Could Buy"; Am. Collections; to Nov. 27: "The Earth & The Artist"; Artists Union; Nov. 22-Dec. 13: Karolik Collection
WALTERS GALLERY, from Nov. 12: Last Cities of Biblical Arabia

BEVERLY HILLS, CAL.
GALLERY OF MODERN ART: Fr. Impressionists; Cont. Am. Ptg. PERLS, to Nov. 19: J. McGarrall

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
MUSEUM, Nov. 6-Dec. 2: Art Assoc.

BOSTON, MASS.
BROWN, to Nov. 12: H. Gibbs; Nov. 14-Dec. 3: C. Wadsworth
DOLL & RICHARDS: Nov. 7-19: S. Charles; D. Shepler
INSTITUTE, to Nov. 13: R. B. Marx; from Nov. 22: Design for Xmas
KANEGIS, to Nov. 19: R. Annear
MUSEUM, to Nov. 27: Matisse bronzes & dwgs; Nov. 15-Dec. 18: Sport

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
FOGG MUSEUM, to Nov. 26: Delacroix in New Eng. Coll.

CHICAGO, ILL.
ART INST., to Nov. 27: Fr. Drwgs.; Nov. 11-Dec. 11: Jap. Surimono; to Dec. 15: Picasso; Chiang Er-Shin
ARTS CLUB, Nov. 11-Dec. 3: I. Noguchi
FRUMKIN: V. Brauner; 20th cent. drwgs.
HULL HOUSE, to Nov. 22: S. Wesse
LANTERN: A. Barker; sculpt. group
MAIN STREET: African Sculpt.
MANDEL BROS: E. Bennett
OELSCHLAEGER: Univ. of Wisconsin
PALMER HOUSE, to Nov. 25: D. Segel

CINCINNATI, OHIO
MUSEUM, Nov. 9-22: Adv. Art; Nov. 19-Feb. 14: Religious Prts.

CLEVELAND, OHIO
MUSEUM, Nov. 2-Dec. 31: R. Pozzatti; Nov. 14-Dec. 18: German Drwgs.; Nov. 17-Jan. 1: Marin

DAYTON, OHIO
INSTITUTE, from Nov. 11: Dayton artists; Ohio prts.

DALLAS, TEXAS
MUSEUM, to Nov. 13: Texas Annual; to Dec. 4: "Family of Man"; Nov. 20-Jan. 1: Young Collectors

DES MOINES, IOWA
ART CENTER, to Nov. 22: Cont. Trends; K. Morris

DETROIT, MICH.
INSTITUTE, Nov. 15-Dec. 18: Mich. artists

HARTFORD, CONN.
WADSWORTH ATHENEUM, to Dec. 4: 20th Cent. Ptg.

HOUSTON, TEX.
MUSEUM, to Nov. 26: "World at Work"

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
HERRON ART INST., Nov. 12-Dec. 25: Turner in America

LONDON, ENGLAND
LEFEVRE: Brit. & Fr.
HANOVER, Nov. 8-Dec. 3: H. Tisdall

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
STENDAHL: Anc. Amer.; Mod. Fr.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
INSTITUTE: Local Art
WALKER ART CENTER, to Nov. 20: A. Wolff; to Dec. 11: "Vanguard"

MONTCLAIR, N. J.
MUSEUM, Nov. 17-Dec. 11: N. J.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
Museums:
BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkway), to Nov. 27: 1890 Amer. Posters; Nov. 16-Jan. 8: 14 Painter-Printmakers
GUGGENHEIM (5th at 88), to Jan.: Brancusi Retrospective

METROPOLITAN (5th at 82), to Nov. 13: Comedie Francaise; Great Illustrated Books
MODERN (11 W. 53), Ptg. from the Museum's Collection; From Nov. 23: Built in Latin America
RIVERSIDE (Riv. Dr. at 103), Nov. 13-Dec. 4: Fed. of Mod. Painters & Sculptors
WHITNEY (22 W. 54), Nov. 9-Jan. 8: 1955 Ann'l Cont. Amer. Painting

Galleries:

A.A.A. (711 5th at 53), to Nov. 12: A. Blatas; Nov. 14-Dec. 3: G. Schreiber
ACA (63 E. 57), to Nov. 12: P. Reisman; Nov. 14-26: 5 Artists; Nov. 28-Dec. 17: D. Burluk
ALAN (32 E. 65), J. Levi
ARGENT (67 E. 59), Nov. 7-26: H. Priest
ARGOSY (116 E. 59), to Jan.: Primitive Amer.
ARTISTS (851 Lex. at 64), Nov. 5-17: L. Elliot; Nov. 19-Dec. 8: F. Russell
BABCOCK (38 E. 57), Nov.: Amer.
BARBIZON (Lex. at 63), Nov.: J. Peterson.
BARBIZON-PLAZA (106 Cent. Pk. S.), Nov. 3-6: Cont. Amer & Fr.
BARONE (202 E. 51), to Nov. 26: R. Beardin
BARZANSKY (1071 Mad. at 81), to Nov. 12: E. Livers
BERNARD-GANYMEDE (19 E. 76), to Nov. 12: H. Weiss
BORGENICHT (61 E. 57), to Nov. 19: Villan; Nov. 21-Dec. 10: S. Greene
BUTLER (126 E. 57), to Nov. 13: C. L. Wolfe Club
CARLEBACH (937 3rd at 56), Primitive Art
CARSTAIRS (11 E. 57), to Nov. 12: Kastor; Nov. 14-Dec. 3: Picasso
COEVAL (100 W. 56), to Nov. 12: M. Wilner; L. Delgado; Nov. 14-30: Logsdon
CONTEMPORARY ARTS (106 E. 57), to Nov. 19: E. Ehrenreich
CONTEMPORARY FOREIGN (37 W. 57), to Dec.: Mod. Spanish
COOPER (313 W. 53), Nov. 4-30: B. Stark
CRESPI (232 E. 58), Nov. 8-27: S. Lokos; to Nov. 30: S. Lowry; M. Yates
DELACORTE (822 Mad. at 69), Nov. 7-30: R. Rosenborg
DE NAGY (24 E. 67), to Nov. 19: P. Georges; Nov. 22-Dec. 10: R. Bouche
DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51), Nov. 1-26: A. Dove
DURLACHER (11 E. 57), Nov. 1-26: K. Seligmann
DUVEEN (18 E. 79), Old Masters
DUVEEN-GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), Nov. 7-26: Ben-Zion
EGGLESTON (969 Mad. at 76), Nov. 14-26: R. Fabri
FEIGL (601 Mad. at 57), Nov. 2-19: M. Metzger
FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES (41 E. 57), to Nov. 30: Rodin to Lipchitz
FORUM (818 Mad. at 69), to Nov. 14: Fla. Univ. Faculty; Nov. 17-Dec. 8: Univ. of Wisc. Faculty
FOUR DIRECTIONS (114 4th), 4 artists
FRIED (40 E. 68), to Nov. 26: 17 Mod. Masters
GALERIE CHALETTE (45 W. 57), Nov. 19-Dec. 10: R. Gerard
GALERIE DE BRAUX (131 E. 55), Amer. & Europ.
GALERIE MODERNE (49 W. 53), Nov. 1-19: C. Julia; Nov. 21-Dec. 24: Amer. Ptg.
GALLERY G (200 E. 59), From Nov. 7: "Form & Content"
GALLERY 62 (62 W. 56), to Nov. 12: W. Fields; Nov. 14-26: A. Danto

GALLERY 75 (30 E. 75), Nov. 1-30: Delevante
GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), to Nov. 15: Cont. Amer. Indian
GRAND CENTRAL (15 Vand. at 42), Nov. 1-19: G. Grant; Nov. 8-19: B. Bradbury; Nov. 10: Founders; Nov. 15-26: Pushman; Nov. 22-Dec. 3: O. Bulman
GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (120 E. 57), to Nov. 17: L. Dodd; Nov. 19-Dec. 8: Group
HANSA (210 Cent. Pk. So.), to Nov. 12: J. Wilson; Nov. 14-Dec. 5: M. Forst
HARTERT (22 E. 58), Nov. 7-Dec. 3: M. Brittain
HELLER (63 E. 57), to Nov. 12: F. Martin; Nov. 15-26: J. Schneider
HIRSCHL & ADLER (270 Park), Fine Paintings
JACKSON (22 E. 66), Nov. 8-21: W. de Kooning
JAMES (70 E. 12), to Nov. 12: A. Most; Nov. 14-Dec. 3: J. Gahagan
JANIS (15 E. 57), to Nov. 25: Fr.
KENNEDY (785 5th at 59), Nov. 7-30: H. Olsen
KLEEMANN (11 E. 68), to Nov. 18: E. W. Nay; Nov. 19-Dec. 20: F. Winter
KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), Nov. 9-Dec. 3: Degas Sculpt. in Wax
KOOTZ (600 Mad. at 57), Nov. 7-Dec. 3: H. Hofmann
KOTTLER (3 E. 65), to Nov. 11: Group; Nov. 14-26: O. Bohannon; E. Ghiron
KRAUSHAAR (32 E. 57), to Nov. 12: Cont. Amer.
LIBRARY OF PAINTINGS (28 E. 72), to Nov. 19: V. Hull
LILLIPIUT (231 1/2 Eliz.), C. Rowedder; Woodman et al. Wed. & Fri. 3-7
MELTZER (38 W. 57), Nov. 15-Dec. 12: Alva
MI CHOU (320-B W. 81), Cont. Chinese
MILCH (55 E. 57), to Nov. 12: J. Taylor; Nov. 16-Dec. 3: J. Robinson
MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), to Nov. 19: I. Bishop
MORRIS (174 Waverly), to Nov. 12: M. Kitchin; Nov. 21-Dec. 10: B. Stevenson
MOSKIN (4 E. 88), to Nov. 24: Amer. & Europ. Mod.
NATIONAL ARTS CLUB (15 Gramercy Pk), Nov. 6-20: A.A.P.L.
NEW (601 Mad. at 57), Nov. 7-26: H. Larrain
NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57) Fine Ptg.
PANORAS (62 W. 56), Nov. 7-19: R. Kapustin; Nov. 21-Dec. 3: R. Cowan
PARSONS (15 E. 57), Nov. 7-26: R. Pousette-Dart
PASSEDOIT (121 E. 57), Nov. 8-26: Umlauf, Sculpt.
PERDALMA (400 W. 23), to Nov. 11: S. Boxer; Nov. 12-Dec. 2: J. Weinstein
PERIDOT (820 Mad. at 68), to Nov. 19: S. Franks; Nov. 21-Dec. 10: L. Harll
PERLS (1016 Mad. at 78), to Nov. 12: Leger; Nov. 14-Dec. 24: Pascin
PETITE (129 W. 56), Europ. Art
POINDEXTER (141 E. 36), to Nov. 20: E. Kerkam; Nov. 22-Dec. 17: M. Resnick
PORTRAITS (136 E. 57), Cont. Portraits
REGINA (254 W. 23), to Nov. 12: Yolande; Nov. 13-30: E. Wilner
REHN (683 5th at 54), to Nov. 12: G. Powers; Nov. 14-Dec. 3: S. Parsons
ROERICH (319 W. 107), Nov. 7-27: T. Hancock
ROKO (51 Grnwch) to Nov. 9: R. Nelson; to Nov. 3: D. Black
ROSENBERG (20 E. 79), to Nov. 26: N. De Stael
SAGITTARIUS (46 E. 57), Nov. 3-14: L. Couteaud; Nov. 15-26: E. Chavchavadze; Nov. 28-Dec. 17: Clerici

SAIDENBERG (10 E. 77), to Nov. 29: Klee
SALPETER (42 E. 57) to Nov. 19: Group; Nov. 21-Dec. 10: H. Baumbach
SCHAEFER (32 E. 57), to Nov. 19: G. Greene; Nov. 21-Dec. 10: J. Grillo
SCHAEFFER (983 Park), Old Masters
SCHETTINI (766 Mad. at 66), to Nov. 12: G. Dova; Nov. 14-26: E. Fantuzzi; C. Cagli
SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57), Mod. Fr.
SCULPTURE CENTER (167 E. 69), to Nov. 18: Sculp. in Wood; Nov. 20-Dec. 24: R. Cook
SEGY (708 Lex. at 57), African Art
SILBERMAN (1014 Mad. at 78), Old & Mod. Masters
STABLE (924 7th at 58), Nov. 7-26: E. Briggs
STAIRWAY (770 6th at 26), Nov. 7-26: J. Surton
SUDAMERICANA (866 Lex. at 65); to Nov. 10: M. Cerro; Nov. 11-Dec. 2: Cont. Cuban
THE CONTEMPORARIES (992 Mad. at 77), Nov. 4-Dec. 10: M. Cadoret
VALENTIN (32 E. 57), to Dec. 1: Liquidation Sale
VAN DIEMEN-LILIENTFELD (21 E. 57), Nov. 5-23: D. Bland
VILLAGE ART CENTER (39 Grove), to Nov. 12: Oil Ann'l; Nov. 14-Dec. 2: Graphic Ann'l
VIVIANO (42 E. 57), to Nov. 26: M. Beckmann
WALKER (117 E. 57), Nov. 14-Dec. 3: J. Watts
WELLONS (70 E. 56), to Nov. 13: R. Arthur; Nov. 14-26: R. Russin, sculp.
WEYHE (794 Lex. at 61), to Nov. 10: R. Crawford; Nov. 14-Dec. 17: Chi Kwan Chen
WILDENSTEIN (19 E. 64), Fr. Old Masters
WILLARD (23 W. 56), Nov. 1-26: Graves
WITTENBORN (38 E. 57), Nov. 1-14: T. Brenson; Nov. 15-30: J. Tharrats
ZABRISKIE (835 Mad.), to Nov. 19: L. Johnson; Nov. 21-Dec. 10: C. Hill

PALM BEACH, FLA.
KAASTRA GALLERY: Cont. Ptg.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
ACADEMY, to Nov. 20: Phila. Wcol.
ART ALLIANCE, to Nov. 27: S. O'Sullivan
SCHURZ, to Nov. 15: P. H. Balano

PITTSBURGH, PA.
CARNEGIE, to Dec. 18: 1955 Pittsburgh International

PORTLAND, ME.
MUSEUM, to Nov. 27: E. O'Hara

PORTLAND, ORE.
MUSEUM, to Nov. 20: H. Wentz; to Nov. 27: "From Portland Collections"; Women Artists

ST. LOUIS, MO.
MUSEUM, Nov. Cont. Ital.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.
MCNAY INST., Nov. 20-Dec. 18: Austrian dwgs. & prts.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
GUMP'S, Nov. 7-26: N. Yamamoto; R. McChesney
LEGION: N. Hoffmann; B. G. Fleishacker; to Nov. 13: M. Pike

SEATTLE, WASH.
MUSEUM, Nov. 10-Dec. 4: Northwest Artists; "Man's Story"
SELIGMAN: Cont. Amer. & Europ.

WESTPORT, CONN.
KIPNIS, Nov. 5-18: Span. Masters; Nov. 19-Dec. 2: A. Van Loen

WASHINGTON, D. C.
ALDEN, J. Perlmutter
BADER, to Nov. 12: L. Maurer; Nov. 14-Dec. 3: R. Gates
NATIONAL GALLERY: Perm. Collections
PHILLIPS, Nov. 9-29: K. Knaths
SPECTRUM, to Nov. 19: D. Hollman; Nov. 22-Dec. 24: M. & J. Risley
WHYTE, to Nov. 12: G. M. Prauge

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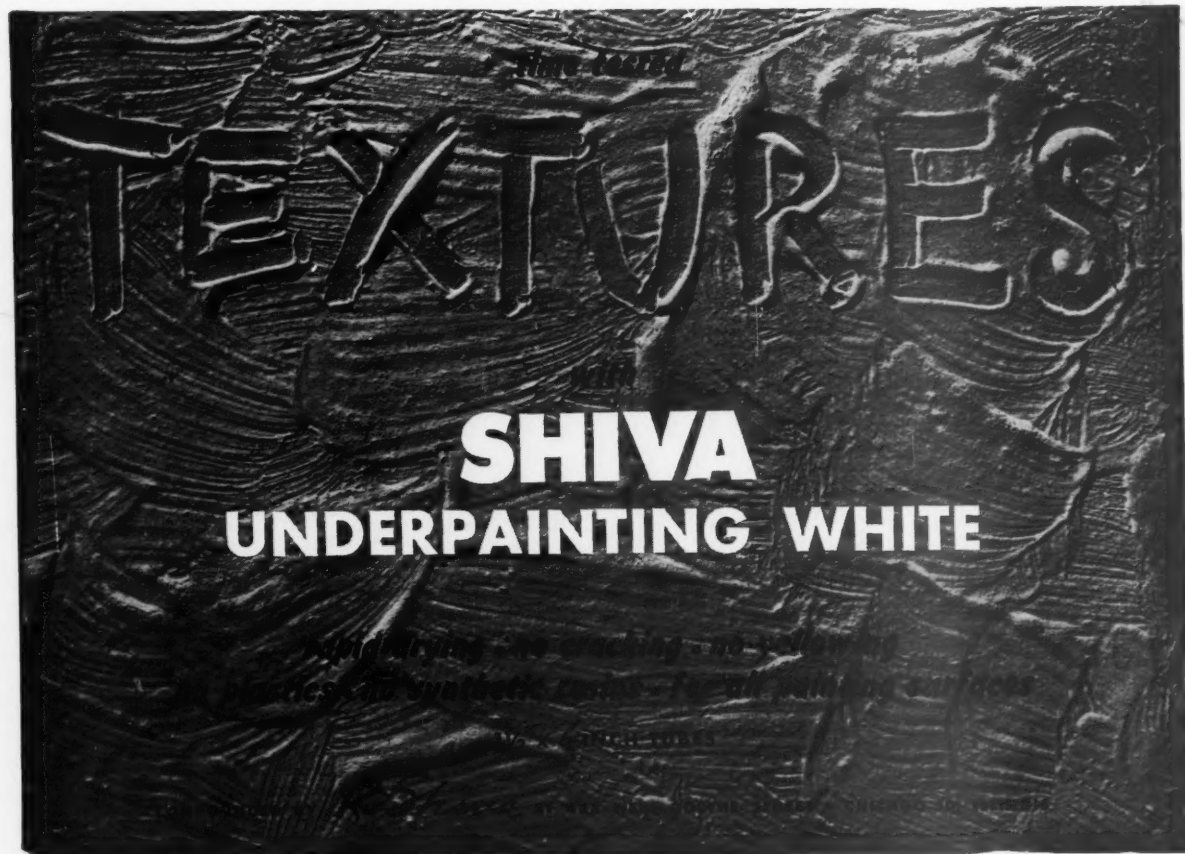
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